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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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The Washington Spider
to the Congressional Fly:
"Your presence at our
home will be always wel-
come honorable Sir. My
daughter and I have long
admired your public and
private life and desired
your acquaintance. Have'n't
we, Arabella?"

LIFE IN WASHINGTON UNMASKED—HOW SCHEMING OLD DOWAGERS WITH PRETTY DAUGHTERS ENTRAP THE NATION'S GUARDIANS INTO DANGEROUS PIT-
FALLS, AND SECURE LUCRATIVE INCOMES BY SACRIFICING THE MOST SACRED MATERNAL INSTINCTS—A HOUSE ON H STREET THAT CONTAINS
SECRETS THAT WOULD SCANDALIZE THE CONTINENT—DANGERS THAT SURROUND PRETTY TREASURY GIRLS IN THE WICKED CAPITAL.—See Page 3.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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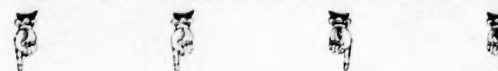
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A GREAT SENSATION!

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

will contain a

Splendid Full Page Illustration

of a

"Swell" Reception on Fifth Avenue.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF UPPER-TENDON LIFE

As there will undoubtedly be a large demand, newsdealers will govern themselves accordingly by sending in their orders early in the week.



Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

J. P. Dayton, N. J.—Not of sufficient importance.

B. S.—No. Have the matter under consideration.

E. E. V. D., Hagaman's Mills, N. Y.—Of local interest only.

L. J.—Cannot make use of poem. Thanks for your attention.

CHIEF OF POLICE, Cincinnati.—Photos received. Thanks for your kindness. Will be pleased to reciprocate.

HARVEY, Utica, N. Y.—A complete list of the whole gang is published in this number. Inform your friends of the fact.

YOURS TRULY, Boston.—Cannot possibly oblige you. Had you sent your name we might have considered the matter.

J. W. Waterloo, Iowa.—Your report of trial was very good, but it is crowded out this week by more important matter.

C. M., Albany, N. Y.—We already have a special correspondent in your city, who keeps us well informed of affairs.

PULASKI, Tenn.—If you meet with a first-class sensation on your travels, send it along. Had already received account of affair.

F. G. G., Bainbridge, Pa.—An account of the affair reached us too late for illustration. You will find complete details in this number.

MORRIS, Buffalo, N. Y.—This phase of metropolitan life will be illustrated next week, and will be one of the finest in our series of these pictures.

A. D., Bozeman, Montana.—Your item is too old for present use. We will accept anything you send, providing it is of any account. Don't wait till the news is stale.

T. F. C., Las Vegas, N. M.—Thanks for sketches sent. We had already received a sketch of affair, which appears in this number. Your pictures will be returned at once.

H. A. P., Milwaukee, Wis.—You can obtain any back number of the GAZETTE that you want by stating date and sending price. Send account, and if important, will publish it.

S. P. B., Helena.—If your portion of the country is as isolated as you say, we fear that anything you may communicate will have very little interest to the generality of our readers.

D. E. D., Detroit, Mich.—Much as we would like to oblige you, we cannot comply with your request in regard to fire accident. Hardly of sufficient importance. Send along something more striking, and we will gratify your wishes.

S. S., Rochester, N. Y.—The matter you sent us for publication was crowded out last week, very luckily. Hereafter you will be more careful in your statements, and furthermore, furnish undeniable proof of their correctness. And this rule will apply to all of our correspondents as well.

ANONYMOUS, Cleveland, O.—We cannot gratify your wishes in regard to T. D. W. The GAZETTE is not a political journal, neither is it an organ for the gratification of personal spite—which is evidently the animus of your request. Therefore, we would advise you to carry your grievances to some other quarter.

CLOSING ON THE TRAMPS.

Connecticut is the third state to fall into line in enacting legal restrictions on the tramp nuisance. Pennsylvania was the pioneer in the movement, the apparent good effects of her procedure inducing her neighbors to follow an example which has now been imitated by the "land of steady habits." We have previously commented on the action of the first named state, the effect of which, being in accordance with what the GAZETTE has steadily advocated as a primary remedy for what has, within the past fifteen years, steadily grown into a wild-spread and intolerable evil, has been noted by us with no little interest. The enactment in regard to the matter in each state is substantially the same and, while stringent enough, is by no means disproportionate in severity to the necessities of the case. All provide heavy penalties for professional vagrants wandering aimlessly through the country, subsisting regularly upon charity obtained by means of appeals to the sympathy of the benevolent or by the terrorizing which is quite as often resorted to by these sturdy beggars when the absence of the male protectors of a household renders intimidation an easy means of satisfying their impudent demands. Additional penalties are prescribed for threats or overt acts of violence against person or property such as mark the annual march of the tramp army throughout the rural sections of the land. Uniform, likewise, are the exemptions from these provisions in favor of women and children, the blind, the halt and the helpless generally. Making these exceptions there is little room for sympathy for the able-bodied vagrants who alone are intended to be affected thereby.

The slight opposition that has been made by over-sentimental folks on the ground of possible injustice that may be done to honest poverty will doubtless be laid by the practical workings of the law. It will certainly be phenomenal and isolated instances of judicial stupidity which fail to discriminate between such cases and the regular member of the fraternity against whom the laws aimed.

The season is now at hand when the vast horde of tramps will emerge from their winter hibernating retreats in the great cities and towns of the country to start out on their annual campaign of begging, pilfering and pillage throughout the land, as remorseless and devastating as an eruption of Huns upon the fertile fields of the Romans. Now is the time for other states to follow in the wake of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Connecticut and, ere their legislatures adjourn, to enact such similar enactments as shall untidily prove an effectual check upon them in every quarter of the Union and render the coming season exceptionally free from the long lists of crime and outrage with which the fraternity has freely darkened the pages of our criminal records.

MISGUIDED MISSIONARIES.

Philadelphia is a city which proves its name no misnomer by the number and variety of its philanthropic enterprises. One of these is a society which has for its avowed purpose the christianizing of the Jews. It has been in existence about twenty years, spending, on an average, about \$4,000 a year. Periodically it exhibits its work before the world in a voluminous report which gives us to understand that, though four Jewish converts in a year, even in a good year for Jews, is about the present extent of its convert-power, the society expends much more in the way of individual and collective exertion. Take the actual figures and we find that, for twenty years at an annual cost of \$4,000 and a total result of, at the highest figures, eighty Jewish converts to Christianity, it costs just \$2,000 to enable a descendant of Jacob to see the error of his ways. But there is a large drawback on these figures from the profit and loss account in the books. We happen to know, personally, something of the workings of this society, and are able to state authoritatively that the "backsliders" reduce the net profits of these twenty years' evangelical transactions by at least fifty per cent. More than this, we have been over liberal in our allowances, for, by the figures of the society itself, there have been years when the said \$4,000 have been expended without the result of a single convert. We do not think we would err, indeed, if we should set down the actual cost of each bona fide recruit from the fold of Abraham as at least \$5,000 per capita, and as far as the absolute genuineness of converts, even at these figures, is concerned we confess to a large amount of skepticism. In fact, the only genuine case of Jewish conversion to Christianity in which we have ever taken stock is that for which a son of Erin, who had borne all his life the reputation of a "tough citizen," claimed, on his death-bed, a credit account from the fact of his having converted a Jew whom he had undertaken to rescue from drowning, and whom, after repeated plungings under water until he had announced his conviction of the truths of the orthodox church, he gave a final immersion with the exordium "then die in the faith, damn ye." We deem it a pity that the Philadelphia philanthropists aforesaid should

thus waste their money and energy. Let them come to New York and try their hand on the Society for the Suppression of Crime. After the conversion of a Jew to Christianity there is assuredly hope, even for Comstock.

CURB THE LAWYERS' LICENSE.

Since the acquittal of Covert Bennett and Mrs. Smith of the charge of the murder of the husband of the latter, in Jersey City, a circumstance has come to light which, though it has now no practical bearing upon the case in question, serves no less to point a moral well worth the attention of the legal profession and, indeed, of all thinking members of the community. The story goes, that a lady of respectability, residing in that city, could, had she been produced upon the witness stand in that trial, have given evidence that would have tended far towards supplying the missing link of conclusive proof of Bennett's presence there on the night of the murder, if it had not, indeed, been accepted as conclusive evidence thereof. The weight of such statement it is unnecessary to comment upon at this time.

What we have to do with is the fact, as stated, that fear of her unmerciful usage by the lawyers prevented this possibly highly important witness from coming forward to give testimony that might have been greatly in the interest of justice. And there is no doubt that a like cause has operated similarly in numerous similar cases and will continue to so affect the operations of justice until a better guarantee be afforded than at present obtains to protect disinterested witnesses from the unmerciful overhauling by opposing counsel in any case which their evidence may tend to prejudice. There is undoubtedly a shameful abuse of all proper license existing in this respect in our courts of law and the judges themselves are greatly to blame, presuming them to be, as they should be, possessed of sufficient acumen to perceive the inevitable tendency of such a state of things, in not curbing this undue license on the part of the limbs of the law, which renders the witness stand to sensitive persons, a torture as keen as the rack of the inquisition, and often leads persons who are the receptacles of vital facts in important cases to resort to any means that may preserve them from being subjected to such an ordeal, regardless, in the exercise of the instinct of self-preservation, of the effect their testimony may have in subserving the ends of law and the best interests of society.

HARD TO SATISFY.

The alleged Reverend Herbert H. Hayden who escaped conviction in Connecticut recently on the charge of the murder of his alleged victim, Mary Stannard, on evidence that would probably have led to a different result almost anywhere else, is not, it appears, entirely satisfied with the verdict which practically gave him his liberty if it did not make him an innocent man in the eyes of the vast majority of his countrymen. At all events, in accordance with the recently developed custom of those who have been prominently brought before the public on grave charges, he has entered the lecture field and is announced as delivering a discourse on the events of his late trial, under the title of "Circumstantial Evidence," in the vicinity to which that trial has lately given a wide-spread notoriety. The alleged reverend gentleman, it appears, complains of the equivocal position in which the so-called "circumstantial evidence" adduced on his trial has placed him, and makes it the text for rather superfluous advice to future courts of law in the trial of cases on similar evidence. To the unprejudiced mind, outside of Connecticut, however, it will appear that the so-called "circumstantial evidence," in this particular case, dealt very kindly with the alleged reverend gentleman and that the most proper thing for him in the premises is to thank his lucky stars for his residence in the wooden nutmeg state under such circumstances and to hie him to the far west, there to engage in blacksmithing or some other muscular calling and grow up, unrecognized, with the country.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

On the strength of a numerously signed petition, which includes the names of many prominent citizens, Commissioner Nichols has agreed to appoint William O'Neill, known to fame as "Nan, the Newsboy," a patrolman on the police force of the city. O'Neill's record as a rescuer of human beings from death by drowning has given him a fame as wide as the continent. Born in an humble sphere of life he has won his way to public recognition by humane services of which the highest might be proud. Thus far the acknowledgments that he has received have been more sentimental than substantial and should Commissioner Nichols carry out his declared intention of appointing him and assigning him to the Steamboat Squad he will not only have done himself credit by a sensible selection and a deserved recognition of merit but will undoubtedly add to the efficiency of the force by putting the right man in the right place.

The Arion Ball.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The annual ball of this famous society came off on the night of February 19th, and was one of the grandest affairs socially and financially of the season. At an early hour the guests began to arrive, and by eleven o'clock the vast space in Madison Square Garden was fully occupied by as merry a throng of mirth-makers as ever gathered within its walls. At nine o'clock festivities were begun with a grand concert, consisting of selections from Tannhauser, Trovatore and other operas by the great military band of the society. By the time this part of the programme was completed, the terpsichorean feelings of the guests were warmed up to their fullest extent. Immediately upon the conclusion of the concert, the several committees of arrangements made their appearance upon the floor, each dressed in a distinct style of costume, and after saluting the audience and performing military evolutions, proclaimed that Terpsichore should reign and have absolute authority over the assemblage. Then came the grand procession of the frisky god in the following order: Harlequins, Pierrots, Columbines, etc. New York Street Cleaning Department, with its chief and aids. Masters of Ceremonies, banner-bearers, etc. Military band. Grand Marshal of the Night. Floor Committee. Historical Division—1609, Landing of Hendrick Hudson; 1660, The last days of New Amsterdam; 1776, Declaration and War of Independence; 1880, Standard-bearers and heralds. Boys' Military Band. Lobby Committee and the Grand Triumphant Chariot of Prince Carnival, three stories high and drawn by six richly-caparisoned horses.

From that time on till late in the morning dancing was kept up. It is the universal opinion that the society have surpassed on this occasion all their former efforts both in point of display and completeness of arrangements. Financially it is the greatest success of the society.

A Royal Couple's Risky Ride.

[Subject of Illustration.]

OTTAWA, Canada, Feb. 16.—The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise met with a startling adventure while on their way to Rideau Hall yesterday. In driving down the avenue the horses became unruly, and by the time they reached the lodge at the main entrance they were traveling at a rapid pace, beyond control and running away. In turning the corner the sleigh swung round with great force striking a lump of ice, and capsized, sending the groom and valet, who were on the box, flying through the air, and depositing them in a snow bank.

The horses increased their pace and dragged the sleigh on its side for about 400 yards, the vice-regal party still inside, unable to escape. As they neared New Edinburgh bridge Hon. Mr. Bagot and groom, who with Capt. Harboord, occupied a sleigh in front, observed what they thought to be a farmer's sleigh dashing toward them, and jumping from the sleigh, they stopped the horses. Mr. Bagot was in advance, and with great presence of mind, jumped for one of the horses' heads and succeeded in catching the reins; then, with a sudden jerk, he partially checked the team, thus enabling the groom to seize the other animal. Their combined efforts brought the team to a standstill. The sleigh was then righted and the occupants assisted out and taken to their residence. The princess had received a contusion on the right side of the head and a cut on the right ear. The injuries otherwise were not serious.

Oswego's Money-Makers.

[With Portraits.]

In September last the city of Oswego, N. Y., was flooded with counterfeit coins of all denominations. The attention of government officers was directed to this fact, and they at once began an investigation of the matter. After a week of patient work the source of this spurious money-fount was discovered and fifteen persons were found to be implicated. The headquarters of the gang was visited, and several of the counterfeiters were surprised at work. In a preceding issue of the GAZETTE we published the ring-leaders of this precious crowd, and this week give the remainder. With but one or two exceptions this is the largest haul of counterfeiters ever made in this state, and their capture is one of the most brilliant strokes of detective work thus far recorded. The evidence against the prisoners is so conclusive as to leave no doubt that state prison will be their future home.

Waterbury & Yorkey.

[With Portraits.]

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 15.—On the 7th of this month business circles in this city were surprised by the announcement that two well known insurance agents had absconded, leaving behind them considerable irregular paper, some supposed to have been forged, with outstanding debts of \$10,000. Both Yorkey and Waterbury had been living very fast lives, and besides this were wholly unfitted for business by their habits. Several prominent citizens have been victimized, and would hail their return to this place with pleasure.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Mabel Santley, of whom we gave a portrait on another page, first came to America in company with Lydia Thompson and her troupe of famous English beauties. Among that handsome bevy of ladies she held a front rank, both in point of talent and appearance. She soon became very popular with metropolitan theatre-goers, as well as in the different cities where the troupe performed. She is at present in England, and enjoys the distinction there of being considered the peer of all in her line of acting.

WASHINGTON UNMASKED

How the Senatorial and Congressional Don Juans Enjoy Themselves in Their Leisure Hours.

MYSTERIES OF THE GAY CAPITAL

A Scandal "Boom" That Will Knock the Bottom Out of Many Ambitious Aspirations.

AND STILL WE WONDER AT CRIME.

[Subject of Illustration.]
[Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20.—I have been observing during my residence here of social and political matters, and am forced by the stern logic of facts to this conclusion: that, taking one consideration with another, the statesman's lot is not a happy one. And, for that matter, life with him is rather an unpleasant affair all round. From the very moment that ambition begins to rankle in his breast to be a leader of men, farewell to peace, content—and, mortifying as the opinion is, yet it is too often proven in the career of our legislators—honor and manhood are also sacrificed.

That the latter assumption is not unwarranted will at once appear to any one who has followed the course of any politician from the commencement of his struggle for place and power. Be he conservative or liberal in his views, independent and fearless in expressing them, these characteristics are swallowed up in his ambitious yearnings and desires. He becomes truculent and imperious by turns, according to circumstances, and lulls his conscience into ease by calling his duplicity diplomacy. And thus by the natural processes of political training now in vogue, when he arrives here, he is well fitted by the moral transformation which his character has undergone to become a willing participant in the immorality which has made this city a dangerous rival to Paris in the matter of

SOCIAL CRIME.

In the light of recent developments comparison between the two cities is not invidious. It is highly probable that an investigation of the morals of both would show a decided advantage in favor of the former. At regular intervals little episodes of social sin ooze to the surface despite all attempts to keep them secret. The intense rivalry, politically, which is so prominent an element in social intercourse makes each a spy upon the other's actions; but gradually one gets deep in the mud as his opponent is in the mire, and mutual silence is a matter of discretion. Occasionally, however, secretion becomes an impossibility. Emboldened by the license which this general looseness of moral restraint engenders, some plunge so recklessly into sin that their own actions betray and expose them.

We are just now being regaled with a very flagrant illustration of a case of this description. It is asserted, upon what seems to be undeniable proof, that a number of senators have become implicated in a scandal by pooling their issues and forming a sort of joint stock company to facilitate their indulgence in the vices which distinguish this wicked city. For the past twelve days the matter has been in the hands of the detectives whose services were called into the case by the Secretary of the Treasury, the latter having been informed of the rumors in circulation, in which it was stated that a number of the females in this department had been seen visiting this congressional

ASSIGNATION HOUSE

accompanied by the lascivious Solons in question. The police are extremely reticent as to the results of their investigation, and throughout the whole affair it has been patent that extraordinary exertions were being made to choke off all inquiry and hush the matter up. The facts thus far obtained are substantially as follows: About a year ago a senator from one of the most noted southern states formed a *liaison* with a remarkably beautiful girl here, the connection being countenanced and encouraged by her mother. Following the usual custom of congressional *Lotharios*, a position was secured for the young woman in the Treasury department, where her peculiar conduct attracted the attention of her associates. Under the impetus of the senator's purse the residence of the mother was furnished luxuriously, and soon a series of cosy wine suppers were inaugurated which drew together a gay knot of young girls, whose presence necessitated calling in a few of his friends and associates from the capitol. These things went on, and the quiet neighbors across the way were shocked by the

SOUNDS OF MIDNIGHT REVELRY

and the grocery man over the way puzzled his head over the problem of so many carriages standing from midnight 'till early dawn before this staid-looking house on H street. The young lady continued to present herself at the desk in the department, until some weeks ago she suddenly, without warning, failed to put in an appearance. She was absent for some time, and on her re-appearance, appeared to have undergone a complete change. Her ruddy, healthy look had vanished. Ugly rumors were now in circulation, and to silence further comment, the senator secured the transfer of the damsel in question to the philosophic shades of the Smithsonian Institute, where, under an assumed name her identity was hidden until a few days ago.

Another senator from the south brought two beau-

tiful young ladies, sisters, from his own state. Employment was secured for them in the government service, and the trio were frequent visitors to the little house on H street. As soon as this scandal became the subject of general conversation, this senator hastily bundled the two girls back to his native state, and cut loose from late hours and wine suppers.

A rather aged member of the house from Tennessee was another to whom the H street house became exceedingly attractive. He plunged into the gayeties with all the abandon of a

LUSTY YOUTH OF TWENTY,

and knocked a fearful hole in his mileage for back rides and bonbons.

Another formerly prominent member of the House, whose term of service expired with the Forty-fifth Congress, was also a frequent visitor, and became noted for the good looks and handsome toilets of the fair ones who accompanied him to the H street reunions. There were others who visited the house more or less frequently, accompanied by female companions, but who now profess ignorance of the location and its surroundings. The names of the women who frequented the house are not all known, but among those who are known are some of highly respectable connections, whose families are stricken with grief and shame at the facts which have been developed. The detectives are still working up the case, but it is extremely doubtful whether such notice will be taken of these disgraceful proceedings as will result in making public the names of those concerned. Threats have been freely made against parties seeking to inquire into the matter, and several enterprising newspaper men who have attempted to investigate the matter have found the tables turned and themselves pretty thoroughly investigated. Notwithstanding all this, the whole affair is bound to come out, certain reasons growing mainly out of the approaching Presidential campaign making secrecy an impossibility. Several little "booms" will receive their quietus, and their authors be remanded to the shades of private life. A check must be placed somehow upon the inroads of vice, and the sacrifice of a few of these frisky statesmen by exposing their lives to public contempt is about as effectual a method as can be devised.

THE DEMON OF JEALOUSY.

Tragedy in a Farm-House—A Fight to the Death—A Blood-Stained Home.

RUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 16.—A shocking tragedy was enacted at 3 P. M. to-day in the little village of Kennedy, Chautauque county, nine miles east of Jamestown, on the line of the Atlantic and Great Western and the Buffalo and Southwestern railroads. It seems that Frank Morse, who lived with his adopted father a short distance south of the village, drove into town about noon with his father and left him there. On returning he took in his sleigh Mrs. Charles Stratton, and left her at her home, a short distance out of the village. Morse, who is eighteen years of age, went into the house with Mrs. Stratton and there met Charles Stratton, her husband. On seeing the pair together Stratton, who is said to have been jealous of Morse's attention to his wife, became angry and a dispute arose between the two men. For some time they were content to abuse each other with words, but at length they clinched, and a terrible struggle ensued. All over the dining-room the two men fought, and then worked their way into a bedroom, where the

BATTLE BECAME FIERCE

than ever. Back and forth they struggled and fought, and again found themselves in the dining-room. Here, while clinched in a deadly embrace, Stratton drew a long, sharp knife, and plunged the blade deep into the heart of his antagonist. When Morse received the thrust he threw up his hands, and with an agonizing shriek fell over on the floor, stone dead. Stratton quietly looked upon the dead man, and then went in search of his wife and the other members of his family. They had all fled while the fight was going on, and were found cowering in the woodshed, waiting for the end.

The news of the tragedy quickly spread to the village, and soon afterward nearly half the villagers were at the scene. They promptly surrounded the house, lest the murderer should attempt to escape. A telegram was sent to Jamestown, informing the authorities of the murder, and asking that the sheriff and the district attorney come at once to the scene. In the two rooms where the encounter took place blood lay in clots in every direction, and hair and pieces of clothing were scattered about. The ceilings were

BESPATTERED WITH BLOOD,

and nearly all the furniture was broken. The murdered man was an orphan and was reared in the Church Home, an asylum for children in this city. His name was Elmer Franks, but twelve years ago he was adopted by a man named Morse, and took the name of Frank Morse. He is reputed to have been an excellent young man and well liked by all who knew him. He paid no marked attentions to Mrs. Stratton, so the neighbors say, and he seemed to have done nothing except what any man would have done under the circumstances.

The murderer Charles Stratton is somewhat older than his victim. He lately came from Texas, where his father is said to be a herdman. He and his wife lived with their uncle, C. L. Stratton, at whose house the fatal encounter took place. Stratton says he killed Morse in self-defence, and was obliged to do so to save his own life. Stratton's wife is said to be a sister of Mrs. James I. Crosby, who it was claimed, was murdered in her bed last summer. Her husband was tried for the crime last month and was acquitted.

Mr. John Fortune, of Fond du Lac, Wis., recently became the father of twin girls. When he first looked upon the new-comers, he smiled a sort of a ghastly smile and remarked: "Well, I suppose it is all right, for it is said Miss Fortune never come single."

A RUSSIAN BEAT

With a Name That Would Utterly Demoralize Spelling School Fiends—A Short Biographical Sketch of His Life and Adventures.

[With Portrait.]

BALTIMORE, Feb. 12.—Social circles here have been very much upset by the disclosures made in connection with Count Eugene Mitkiewicz, who was arrested here last week on a charge of swindling, made by the coal firm of Castner & Co., of Philadelphia. Once or twice in the course of the winter the Count had given handsome balls at his residence in Eutaw place, and he and his wife are generally well known in the best circles of the city. No suspicion of his real financial position was entertained until very recently.

The following extract from a book entitled "The New York Tombs: Its Secrets and Its Mysteries," reveals some facts in the life of this distinguished beat:

"Some time during the year 1863 there figured quite conspicuously in New York society a stylish young man calling himself Eugene Mitkiewicz, and who claimed to belong to the nobility of Russia. He was, he said, a count, and his father was one of the wealthiest of the Czar's subjects. He was stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and living in the style becoming a young nobleman whose resources were unlimited. He very naturally made the acquaintance of many of the young bloods of the town, whom he entertained in princely fashion, and he soon earned the reputation of giving the best *petits soupers* at Delmonico's on Fifth avenue. At the hotel there seemed to be quite a rivalry among the ladies stopping there as to who should obtain the greatest share of the Count's attention, and so great was the desire of the fair creatures to possess some memento of their acquaintance with this young sprig of nobility that they even resorted to cutting off pieces of the lining of his hat whenever an opportunity offered. Among the innumerable fair acquaintances of the Count was a charming young lady who resided on Fifth avenue, and who evidently was the favorite one. He was very lavish of his attentions to her, and almost invariably accompanied her on her drives and promenades. On one occasion he placed the

YOUNG LADY'S RING,

a brilliant of the first water, on his little finger, playfully remarking that he would wear it for a few days. After a week or two had elapsed, the young lady's friends, thinking the Count had worn the ring quite long enough, asked for its return. The ring was returned to its owner, but it was not many days ere it was discovered that the gem had been removed from its setting, and that in its place flashed only an imitation diamond. A warrant for the Count's arrest was obtained, and he was taken to the Tombs, where he remained for some time, but was finally let out on his agreeing to enlist for the war. He was accordingly sent along with some other recruits, to one of the islands in the harbor where troops were stationed, waiting to be ordered to the front.

"Nothing further was heard of the Count, and, excepting by his victims, he was as completely forgotten as though such an individual had never existed. One day, a few winters ago, however, a paragraph appeared in one of the daily newspapers to the effect that the young Russian Count who had some years since victimized a young lady residing on Fifth avenue by borrowing her diamond ring and substituting a paste imitation therefor had turned up again, and was pursuing a young lady of wealth somewhere down east. The facts of the case were as follows: It seems that he had met the young lady and her mother in Paris, France, and the acquaintance ripening into intimacy, they became engaged. The mother and daughter returned to this country, and went to live with an uncle of the young lady, a professor in one of the eastern colleges, who had been named as the young lady's guardian. It further appears that the professor had a son of suitable age, and as a match between his son and his ward was a consummation devoutly to be wished, he left no means untold to bring the young folks frequently together; but the girl's heart had been given to her foreign lover, and a regular correspondence had been kept up between them. When she saw how things were shaping she

WROTE TO HER LOVER,

informing him of the exact position of affairs. The Count, fearing that the prize would be snatched from him, on receipt of the girl's letter determined to come over after her. According he engaged his passage, and in due season arrived in New York. He went to the village where the girl was living, and engaging rooms at the hotel, sent a note informing her of his arrival. Not getting a reply he sent another letter with, however, no better result. He was so well assured of the girl's affection as to know that had either of his missives reached its destination he would have been favored with a response, and correctly surmised that the letter had been intercepted. He resolved to call in person, and accordingly one day sallied forth to see the lady of his love. On nearing the house he saw her seated at the window. She instantly recognized him, and signaled him not to come further—that she would meet him at the hotel. He returned to his hotel and patiently awaited her coming. After some time she made her appearance at the hotel, but, following in close pursuit, came the uncle and mother. She threw herself into her lover's arms and declared that nothing but death should part them. The elders,

WISHING TO AVOID SCANDAL,

invited the young couple to the house, which invitation was accepted. Seeing that the young lady had fully made up her mind, and that nothing would dissuade her, a compromise was finally effected. The Count was to return to Russia and bring back sufficient evidence of his genuineness, when the marriage should be duly solemnized. This arrangement was

perfectly satisfactory to the young lady, and, as the Count could offer no reasonable excuse why this course should not be pursued, he in a few days took his departure, ostensibly for the purpose proposed. Up to the present writing his return has not been announced, and, as the lady has not in the meantime heard anything satisfactory of him, it is presumable that she has arrived at the conclusion that he is a Count of little or no account."

Five years ago Count Mitkiewicz married Miss Caroline Lester, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Rochester, N. Y. It is thought that her fortune is to a great extent dissipated by his extravagant habits. At present he is the guest of the police authorities of this city, and may be compelled to settle down in the service of the state.

MRS. BROWN FREES HER MIND.

The Ghost of her Murdered Husband, would Not Down, and She Confesses Her Crime.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 12.—The general belief that the wife of John G. F. Brown, the murdered man, whose body was found last Saturday morning, would conclude the confession she began that day before the coroner, was confirmed to-day by the publication of a full statement of the horrible crime, so far as she was able to give it. She was under examination three hours, as the coroner wished to make it as full as possible. During this time the poor woman was greatly affected, and her statements were given in the midst of tears and sobs that frequently choked her utterance. At three o'clock she signed the document and was returned to jail. Her story is that at the table Friday night Wade asked Brown for the use of the horse and buggy to go to Irvington, and permission being given, he went out to hitch up. After he had gone she left Brown in the front room and took her young child to the back yard, because it wanted to go out, and when she returned to the house Mr. Brown was lying with his feet about the middle of the gate, and his head toward the buggy, close to the hind wheel. She continued:

The buggy robe was under him, and the blanket over him, so that I could not see his head. After I took the child in and returned Brown was still groaning, as he was when I first came to the gate. I said: "MY GOD, JOE,

what have you done?" He said: "Darling, this is what love will do," and threw his arms around my shoulders. He said: "I love every hair of your head better than my life." Mr. Brown was still groaning, and Joe said: "Shall I hit him?" I said: "No." He said: "I shall have to finish it now." He added: "I will have to hit him or use my knife." I said: "Oh, my God! no; don't touch him; let me take him in the house." I had not seen his head, and did not know he was so badly hurt. Wade said: "No, this has got to be finished," and added: "You go into the house and take that child in." The child had got half way to the gate, running to me. I went into the house and took the child with me. I was screaming and crying, and the child said: "What ma, what?" and began crying. I told her some one had killed her pa, but did not tell who. I closed the door when I went in. Wade came in and said he wanted Brown's overcoat and cap.

Here the cap was produced, and witness identified it as the one she gave Wade at his request.

I asked what coat he wanted, as Brown had no overcoat. He said the one Brown had on the evening before. He did not tell where he was going with Brown. He said he was going over on the road. I asked him when he would return; he said: "Just as soon as I can get back." He told me to clean up things and remove the blood at the gate. I told him I couldn't. He said: "You had better." I got down on my knees and begged him to

BRING THE BODY

back into the house, and I turned down the bed. He said: "Never mind, dear; I'll take care of you while I live." I said: "Poor old man, did he know that you hit him?" Wade said "No." I took hold of Wade and begged him not to take Brown away, and he told me to let go or he would do the same to me. He kissed me and said: "This will be all right. I will prove myself clear. He then started. I went into the house, took the baby on my lap and cried. I sat there and cried a while, and then got up and washed the dishes. On the way over to Smith's, after his return, we talked of the murder. I told him he had left me in a bad way, with my three children. He said: "Never mind; I will be a father to them." I asked what he thought would be done. He said: "They will arrest me, but there is no danger for you," and that he would prove himself clear by the Smiths. That was where Wade played the fiddle for the amusement of the children, and appeared in such fine spirits when they came back from Smith's. The mallet that crushed Brown's head was burned. After Brown came home from prison I told him I thought Wade would kill him. I did not expect Wade to murder Brown when it occurred. I sent the children over to Smith's because I had promised them they might go the previous evening, but it snowed. When I went out with the child I was not expecting any conflict between Brown and Wade. They never had had any sharp words.

Wade was at once informed by a reporter that Mrs. Brown had charged him with the murder, but he merely insisted that he was innocent, and if convicted it would be upon lies. Portraits of the murderous pair will appear in next week's issue of the GAZETTE.

Two citizens of Houtzdale, Pa., named John Nivling and Samuel Pennington, had some difficulty during the evening of the 16th inst., and on the following day Nivling loaded his gun with a good charge of buck-shot and proceeded to seek retribution. After passing Pennington on the street, he turned, and taking deliberate aim, discharged the entire charge into Pennington's back. The authorities had difficulty in getting Nivling out of town. A mob of over two hundred attempted to lynch him but was foiled by his being smuggled into a passing train.

SEEING THE "GAL" HOME.

The World, the Flesh and the Devil
Conspire Against a Parson, and, Alas!
Vanquish Him.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The faculty which some clergymen have for getting into trouble, and the disadvantages which beset them in their endeavors to get out of it, have recently been made the subject of frequent and unfavorable comment. Much of this comment has been ungenerous. Ministers as a class are not worse than other men. Sometimes they are short of that worldly wisdom which characterizes other professions, and then they tumble into such pitfalls as are set for the unwary "without benefit of clergy."

One of the most good-natured and least wary of clergymen is he who happens to be pastor of a church in Richmond, Indiana. Anxious to do his very best for every member of the flock committed to his care, he has been rushing in where even angels might fear to tread. Of course there is a woman in the case. Nay, more; there are two women, one of whom is a charming young lady, and the other is her mother. The good pastor wanted to please them both,

HENCE THE TROUBLE.

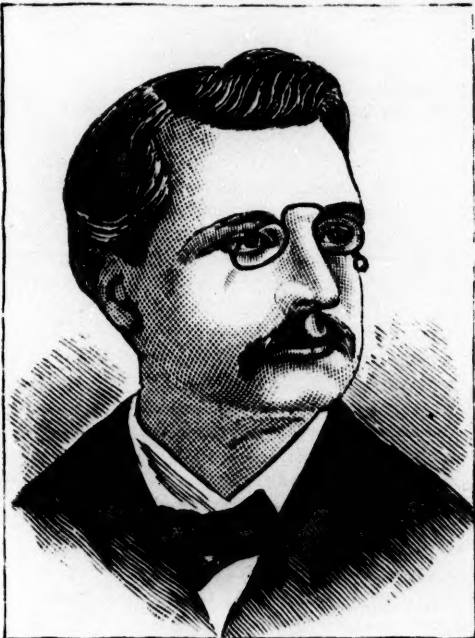
Conspicuously attentive to the charming young lady was an objectionable young man. This offensive person had a habit of waiting for her in the lobby and on the pavement, and escorting her home after meeting. It became an annoyance to her mother. The old lady's whole soul rebelled at the thought of becoming a mother-in-law to such a young man as this. She would have no objection to occupying a situation as mother-in-law, provided it was not to such an objectionable biped as she considered this youth to be. Resolving to drive him off, her ingenuity failed her as to method. Therefore she sought the advice of the pastor, from whose clerical heart a scheme was soon evolved. It is but just to this pastor to suggest that the scheme was not from his head, for it seems hardly to reflect credit on a head supposed to be furnished with ordinarily good judgment. However, the head had something to do with it before the transaction came to an end.

The generous pastor suggested that after the evening prayer-meeting he should wait for the young lady at church and take possession of her with a view to

ESCORTING HER HOMEWARD.

This would cut out the young man, who would thus be left standing in the vestibule or before the door, and would be compelled either to seek other company or to go home alone. Possibly he might, in his indignation, take some other young lady home, and both the pastor and the mother dared to hope that this would lead to his being bounced by her, whom they were so solicitous to save from his wiles. The mother heartily seconded the pastoral plan, and at night when church was out it was put into operation.

In a sort of moody and sulky way the fair one took the offered arm of the pastor, who, congratulating himself on his triumph over the young man, did not see the wicked leer from the eye of that disagreeable individual, neither did he see how the young lady winked at the youth as she passed by him. Nor did



CHARLES A. BYRNE, EDITOR OF DRAMATIC NEWS AND TRUTH, AND ALLEGED BIGAMIST.

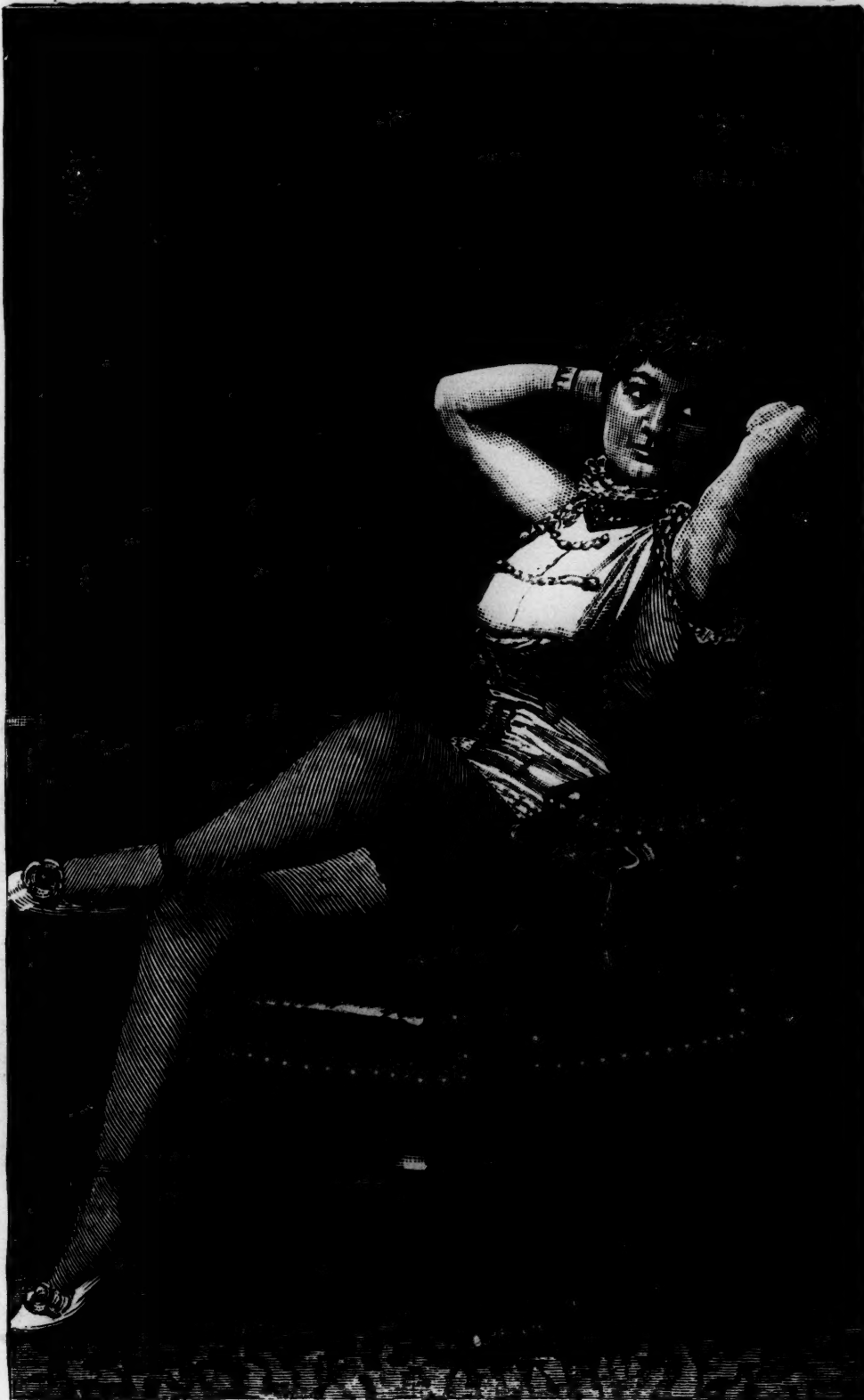
he observe that the unemployed hand of the young lady beckoned to the objectionable suitor and bade him follow. On they went, pastor and maiden, he pouring into her ear

WORDS OF SPIRITUAL COUNSEL

and godly admonition in reference to the devices of worldly young men; she, not giving him the least attention, but mentally following the footsteps of her lover, and wishing the fellow success in a little undertaking in which she had reason to believe him to be engaged. The walk was short and its conclusion sudden. The clergyman was startled by a frightful apparition from behind a big tree. It was the objectionable young man, armed with a large club, with which he began to belabor the meek and lowly clergyman, who under the influence of repeated blows, soon became meeker and lowlier than it was his wont to be. The clerical hat rolled into the street; the clerical coat was torn and soiled; and the luckless clerical head was battered and bruised and

RANDED AND ALMOST SPLIT.

In the confusion and darkness the young lady disappeared, and the disconsolate and injured parson was compelled to report to her mother the loss of his



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS MABEL SANTLEY, BURLESQUE ARTISTE; FORMERLY OF THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE OF ENGLISH BLONDS.—SEE PAGE 2.

charge. There was woe in the household and the neighborhood, for the girl returned not that night. In the morning fear was allayed and wrath excited by a little note from her to the effect that she was married to the man of her choice, and that neither scheming parsons nor worrying mothers could separate them now.

The pastor is out to the extent of a lost wedding fee, a ruined raiment, a battered skull and a disfigured countenance. He vows that he never again will interfere in a love affair. If all the women in his church want to get married he will not put the least obstacle in their way, no matter what sort of men they want. And as for taking them home after meeting, he will never again offer his services, lest some of their admirers, with ever thicker clubs and more

potent blows, should fell him to the earth, leaving his wife a widow and his pulpit a vacancy.

The World's Wickedness.

"Las' nite as I was toatin' my heels an' gwino to sleep by de cook stove," began the old man as the notes of the Limekiln Club triangle died away, "de ole woman axed me if I didn't fink dis world was growin' awful wicked. Dat put me in mind of de fact dat almos' ebery day I hear people sayin' dat dey can't believe nobody nor trust nobody any more, an' dat it am harder to find an honest man dan it is to diskliver water runnin' up hill. Gem'len, Ize been pokin' round dis world about sixty y'ars, an' it am my experience: 1. Dat de man who groans ober de



SEEING THE "GAL" HOME—A RICHMOND, IND., PARSON DOES THE GAL-LANT WITH A YOUNG LADY PARISHONER, AND IS WAYLAIN BY HER "BEST FELLER," AND FORCED TO DO THE JIG ACT FOR HIS INTERFERENCE.

general wickedness of de world will steal a wheelbarrow ebery time he gits a chance. 2. Dat de man who goes 'round lamentin' dat he can't trust nobody is de very chap who'll gin you away ebery time. 3. Dat de pusson who finks de world am full o' cheats an' liars will trade you a blind hoss an' den sneak into de barn at midnight an' steal all de shoes off his feet. Dar's wicked folks on y'arth, of course, but de man who does de squar' thing will nebber run amiss of squar' people. Ize got along so fur as well as could be 'spected, and de look ahead am all serene. De only man I shall look out fur am de man who was bo'n fur an angel but grewed up to wa'r pants an' butes."

—Detroit Free Press.

HEMPEN RETRIBUTION.

The Final Act in the Las Vegas Tragedy
—Dancing an Aerial Jig to the Music
of Bullets.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LAS VEGAS, New Mexico, Feb. 12.—Full particulars of the murder of City Marshal Joe Carson by a gang of cowboys have already been published in the GAZETTE. Retribution has at last overtaken these assassins and placed them where the wicked cease from troubling. Their taking off is thus described by an eye-witness:—

"About 2 o'clock on the morning of February 1st, there came marching from the east side of town about seventy-five determined looking men without clangor or roll of drum to herald their approach. They were masked and the few persons who were up at that unreasonable hour and who ventured too near found out that that crowd was not to be fooled with. When a head was stuck around a corner, a six shooter or Winchester pointed towards them and they were ordered to fall in ranks. All forced accessions of men were immediately sworn under the pains and penalties of lynch law to never divulge ought that they might see or hear or recognize during the next few hours. The crowd marched two and two and when they reached the plaza they turned to the right in the direction of the jail. They marched directly to the outer doors of the jail and commenced to batter them down. They forgot sledge hammers, but fence rails answered instead.

In a short time the outer doors were battered to pieces and the crowd rushed into the jail placita which opens on the cells. The jailor was found and the

KEYS TO THE CELLS

were obtained. In a few minutes Tom Henry, John Dorsey and Jim West, three of the four Mora county herders who came to East Las Vegas Thursday night, January 29th, to kill marshal Joe Carson, and who did kill him, without provocation and in cold blood, were dragged from their cells and informed that their time had come. Ropes were placed around their necks and they were ordered to march forward. Tom Henry who was shot through the left leg, requested a moment's time to rest himself on the railing, which was granted. They then marched to the pump frame of ill memory, in the plaza. The three men were driven in front with ropes around their necks. Reaching the pump frame, a man ascended to the beams and the rope around the neck of Jim West, the youngest of the party, was thrown up. He was badly



MRS. C. A. BYRNE, NEE MERRILL, ARRESTED IN THIS CITY ON A CHARGE OF BIGAMY.

wounded in the fight with Carson and he exclaimed several times, "don't touch me there." The rope was pulled up and he cried out piteously,

"OH! MY GOD!

my God! my mother!" Tom Henry, then on the platform with the rope around his own neck, spoke to West and said, "Shut up Jim, die like a man." West caught the rope with his hands and held on a while, but when pulled up soon let go to die. The delay of hanging seemed to be more than the impatient crowd could stand and a shot was fired at Henry which struck him in the body. He staggered back and exclaimed, "Shoot me through the head quick." Immediately twenty shots were fired and Tom Henry and Jim Dorsey fell dead on the well platform and died with bullets. The shooting and hanging took place at 3 o'clock in the morning. Thus ends the career of the four men who killed Joe Carson. Carson was a good man, a brave man, but he was foully murdered. It was a terrible crime and this is a terrible punishment. The bodies of the men were left dangling on the plaza where people on their way to church Sunday morning could see the horrible sight as they passed.



DAVID M. WATERBURY, PARTNER WITH YORKLY, AND LIKE HIM NOW WANDERING IN PARTS UNKNOWN WITH COLLATERAL ENTRUSTED TO HIS CARE; SYRACUSE, N. Y.

most hideous form, was enacted yesterday at the door of a house of ill-fame kept by Mrs. Avery, at No. 133 Longworth street. It was the meeting between an erring daughter and her almost heart-broken parents, to whom she had sent an imploring letter beseeching them to take her from her abode of sin, and give her shelter beneath an honest roof during the short remainder of her life. The appeal was not in vain, and yesterday afternoon denizens of that square observed a lady, whose premature gray hair betokened early sorrow, peering in the door-ways, as if loth to enter. The hack from which she had just alighted stood near, and beside it was seen a gentleman who, as it was ascertained, was the husband of the lady who was making a search for the desired number. Both parties were well dressed, and bore evidence of the utmost respectability. Presently, with a stifled cry of pain and embarrassment, the lady started with hurried steps toward the door of the Avery house (one of the lowest houses of prostitution in the city), where, standing on the threshold, she espied her whom she sought—her daughter. The poor girl—she was apparently but a little over eighteen—looked pale and emaciated. Her dark hair was arranged with

and finally became identified with the abandoned class. Not long ago she contracted an illness that settled upon her lungs, and which will most probably prove fatal ere long. Realizing the fact that she has not long to live she wrote to her father and mother requesting them to take her home to die. With a noble devotion that is most beautiful from its rarity, the disgraced parents determined to watch over her declining days, and to this end transferred her to their comfortable home, where the misguided woman now lies—a total physical wreck.

The mother claims that her poor child was driven to her mode of life by the persecution and neglect of the man who four short years ago promised, at the altar, to love and cherish her until death did them part. That after the separation her daughter fell under the blandishment of a smooth-tongued rascal in this city, and from this time her ruin is dated.

Dead in Her Tracks.

(Subject of Illustration.)
EVANSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 12.—The village of Henderson, some twelve miles below here, on the Ohio, was



HENRY MOETT, SENTENCED TO BE HUNG MARCH 15TH, FOR THE DOUBLE MURDER OF HIS WIFE AND HER PARAMOUR ON THE NIGHT OF SEPT. 12, 1878; HUDSON, N. Y.

Expressing their "Feelings."

(Subject of Illustration.)

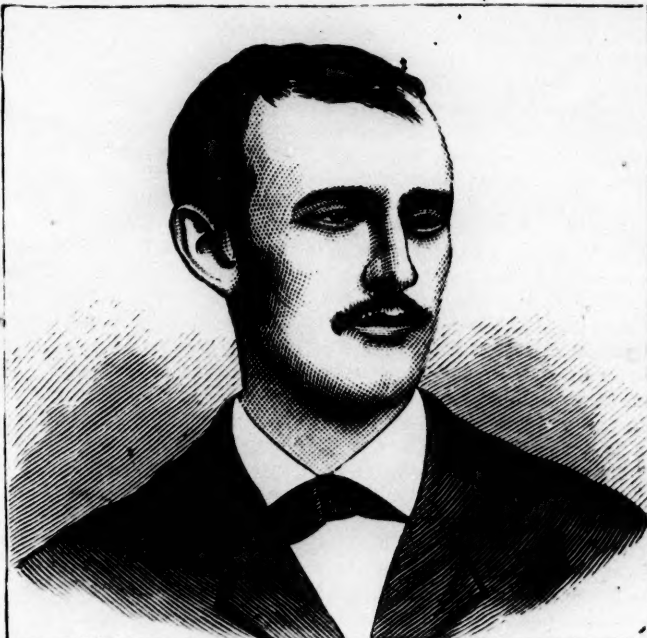
LIMA, N. Y., Feb. 15. —A few nights ago, the students of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary burned their principal, George H. Bridgman, in effigy. The burning took place between the hours of 11 and 12 on the seminary campus, and it is estimated that about one hundred students were engaged in the affair. The boys took this plan in order to show their dislike toward their principal of the seminary, or in other words, "give expression," as they say, "to detestation of unendurable tyranny." The principal was greatly enraged over the affair, and ordered the constables to arrest all the students they desired, and "to sift the affair to the bottom." Accordingly thirty-two of the boys were arrested on the charge of "riotous and tumultuous conduct." After two days proceedings in court, a tremendous crowd of spectators being in attendance, the students were all discharged, none having been found guilty. Having failed to convict in court, the principal took the matter into his own hands. A dozen students were suspended from the school. This produced great dissatisfaction throughout the school, and a number of students left of their own free will, saying that they would not return to school at the seminary until a change was made in the principalship. We understand that the trustees of this institution will appoint a new principal at their annual meeting.

A Fallen Woman's Remorse.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 14.—A sad scene, one that shows up vice in its



COUNT EUGENE MITKIEWICZ, ARRESTED IN BALTIMORE ON A CHARGE OF SWINDLING A PHILADELPHIA COAL FIRM.



PETER E. YORKEY, OF THE FIRM OF YORKEY & WATERBURY, INSURANCE AGENTS; ALLEGED DEFAULTER AND FORGER; SYRACUSE, N. Y.

scrupulous care, and her black eyes had in them a look of unutterable misery. With a cry of "Mother!" she sprang down the steps, and in an instant was clasped in the outstretched arms of her best and truest friend. She was then led to the carriage in waiting, and the party drove away. The unfortunate woman thus taken to a home that she had disgraced was Mrs. Mollie McMullen, who, four years ago, at the age of nineteen, was married to John McMullen, of No. 77 Pendleton street. Soon after her marriage a separation was effected between her and her husband, since which time the wife has drifted about the city,

and finally became identified with the abandoned class. Not long ago she contracted an illness that settled upon her lungs, and which will most probably prove fatal ere long. Realizing the fact that she has not long to live she wrote to her father and mother requesting them to take her home to die. With a noble devotion that is most beautiful from its rarity, the disgraced parents determined to watch over her declining days, and to this end transferred her to their comfortable home, where the misguided woman now lies—a total physical wreck.

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ORLANDO GREENFIELD, NOW UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH IN THE SYRACUSE JAIL FOR MURDERING HIS WIFE.



THE STUDENTS OF GENESEE WESLEYAN SEMINARY MANIFEST THEIR DISAPPROBATION OF PRINCIPAL GEORGE BRIDGMAN'S MANNER OF TRAINING THEIR IDEAS TO SHOOT BY BURNING HIS BODY IN EFFIGY ON THE CAMPUS; LIMA, N. Y.

startled last evening by one of the most brutal murders that has been enacted in this region for some time. Patrick Washington shot his wife on the wharf-boat, while laboring under a fit of jealousy, suspecting her of going to meet the fireman on the steamer Idlewild, which was making a landing. The bullet entered her left breast, death resulting almost instantly. She did not live long enough to tell who the murderer was, but at the coroner's inquest, held this morning, the guilt of Washington was established without question. He threatened the woman's life during the day, and she had him arrested, but he escaped through a privy vault, and, procuring a pistol, it is said secured another man to entice her to the boat, where he shot her. A score of persons were present at the commission of the crime, but no effort was made to capture him. He ran up the river bank and was lost in the darkness. Feeling runs high, and if caught he will be summarily dealt with.

Mystery.

DALLAS, Tex., Feb. 13. —The skeleton of a man, with bits of clothing clinging in places, was found to-day in Trinity bottom, a mile out of town. The skull was crushed in as though by a heavy, blunt instrument. Near the remains, covered with brush, was a gum over-

coat, rolled up, after being besmeared with blood. The coroner's inquest failed to fix any facts leading to the identification of the dead man. He was evidently murdered. The coat was similar to those worn by hack-drivers and cattlemen. Disappearances in this county are more common than are reported.

BROOKLYN, Ind., Feb. 12.—Miss Dyke, a young lady of this place, attempted suicide to-night by taking chloroform.

NIGHT SIDE OF NEW YORK

The Famous Buckingham Palace, Its Sights and Sensations on a Specimen Carnival Night.

THE FLY DRY GOODS CAPPER

A Scene of Wild Revelry, Dress and Undress, in Which an Untamed Citizen From the Far West Takes a Leading Part.

GUILELESS GIRLS AND THEIR GULLS

Of all the numerous flash resorts and temples of gilded vice with which the metropolis is blessed or—more properly—cursed, the "Buckingham Palace," thus pretentiously named, situated in Twenty-seventh street, near Sixth avenue, stands pre-eminent as the most widely known and the acknowledged "boss racket," by common consent of the devotees of so-called fast life, whether of the persuasion of "sharps" or "dats." The pet vanity of New York swiftness, it has likewise, thanks to the large amount of gratuitous advertising on the part of the press, which its playfulness proprietors are too short-sighted to appreciate or reciprocate, become the Mecca to which every sensation-seeking visitor from Maine to California eagerly bends his steps as soon as he has fairly landed in the metropolis. Fitted up in a unique if somewhat flashy style, it offers, with its peculiarities of attraction in the feminine line, a novel spectacle to the unaccustomed eye which renders it *sui generis* among the off-colored sights of the great city. The spicy fascinations of the high-sounding "elite sociables" with the taking spectacular effects of the "shadow dances" on ordinary occasions are of themselves sufficiently taking to tickle the fancy of provincials as well as to stimulate the languid interest of fast young New York. When, however, an extra "festival" is announced, then the Buckingham is to be seen in its full glory.

It was on such an occasion, a special one, indeed, announced pretentiously as the "Second Grand Anniversary Ball and Parisian Carnival," that a representative of the GAZETTE, on the night of the 12th instant, wended his way to the Buckingham. It was well on toward the witching hour of midnight when he reached his destination, as he had been reliably informed that an earlier arrival would be time wasted, since the patrons of the festivities, from their peculiar character and occupations, would not be on hand at an earlier hour in sufficient force to give the expected zest to the occasion.

The price of admission had been announced as fifty cents, the usual tariff, and generally deemed sufficiently extravagant. On entering, however, our representative was confronted by a huge placard placed beside the box office, which read: "Admission this night, One Dollar." Beside it was another, equally conspicuous, which declared that the free list was entirely suspended for that occasion. Notwithstanding the result of the visit, while its primary purpose was simply in the interest of the readers of the GAZETTE, in affording them a graphic illustrated account of a metropolitan sensation, was in effect a widely circulated and most notable advertisement of the establishment, our representative, on journalistic duty bent, meekly paid his dollar, and thus encountered swindle number one. The succeeding operations in this line which might be enumerated, in the exorbitant prices charged for "snide" wine, wretched beer and worse spirits, dispensed at the adjoining bar, or, on order, in the gallery overlooking the main floor, in open defiance of existing ordinances, might be variously amalgamated with the other extortions for which this place is peculiar, are too numerous to be dwelt upon in detail in this connection.

The floor is crowded with dancers, the females being, as a rule, attired in fancy costumes of every conceivable design and significance. Two individuals of the male sex, made up to represent a negro and negress, indulge in a bit of supposed characteristic high-kicking at a hat as a target, to the delight of the onlookers. Females of various ages and grades of attractiveness, though of a uniform grade of morality—or rather want of it—attired as pagers, courtiers of the time of Louis XIV. or Charles II., Spanish señoritas in coquettish mantillas, vivandieres, in much attire or in none to speak of, as well as an abundance of nondescript figures, sit about on the floor or shed their fascinating smiles and blandishments on such male guests in the gallery whose sentimental aspect or palpable greenness give promise of a bibulous invitation or a

PROBABLE INTRIGUE.

The status of the women present appears to be of quite a select and superior grade in the sisterhood of vice, though, generally, quite as unconscious as their humbler sisters of the impulses of modesty, supposed to be the natural heritage of the sex, as they circulate boldly in their scant costumes, which scarce conceal and much more than half reveal the exuberant outlines of their forms, before the eager, scrutinizing gaze of the male frequenters of the gallery. Among the spectators in the gallery there are, however, a few female figures, accompanied by male escorts, whose impenetrably veiled faces and the bearing towards them of their companions bespeak them to be, as report credits them, of at least an acknowledged respectable standing, whose excess of the female characteristic of curiosity has led them to make this bold

raid over the forbidden borders marked out for their sex, for the purpose of gratifying the ruling passion. The male portion of the assemblage is notably respectable, in outward appearance and behavior at least. There is a conspicuous absence of the rough element, due, doubtless, to the high tariff of admission and the strict embargo on the "free list." The majority are of the younger swell order, though there are notable exceptions in the representatives of the older solid citizen and bald-headed fraternity, who coquet with the gay female "characters" and enter into the spirals of the scene with as much zest as the most frivolous beardless stripling.

The loud and obtrusive type of the "sheeny" is present in full force, and loses no opportunity of demonstrating his determination to show that he is there and that he appreciates to the fullest extent the privileges to which he deems his dollar has entitled him. One individual of this class, stationing himself in a conspicuous position near the stairway, directly in the current of the constantly coming and going throng, surrounded by a knot of kindred spirits, invites attention by his loud comments on everything and everybody and his coarse, boisterous laughter at his own feeble witticisms. He evidently regards himself as commanding general admiration by being "dy" to the place, as evinced by his assumption of familiarity with every female who passes in review before him. He meets with a rebuff in that quarter finally, however, under which, for a time at least, even his impervious cheek suffers

AN EFFECTUAL ECLIPSE.

An independent-looking dandy saunters by, whom he accosts with an impertinent speech, couched in the familiar tones of an old friend. The dandy half turns toward him, and regarding him contemptuously, exclaims, loud enough to be heard by all in the vicinity: "Is that the pair of pants I ordered for you? I'll buy you another pair; they don't fit you!" It was delivered off-hand and without a moment's hesitation, but she might have studied for months for a fitting epigram without hitting upon one that would have been so keenly appreciated by the auditors or, in their minds, so fitting to the occasion and the individual. She passes on unconcernedly, unheeding the general shout of laughter which effectually squelched the "sheeny," who attempts to cover his confusion with a muttered excuse of taking a beer as he rushes precipitately down the stairway.

Here is a smooth-shaven, dapper individual, nattily dressed and bearing the appearance of a city clerk who entered in company with three stalwart individuals, dressed in a manner shocking to orthodox metropolitan taste, but evidently well-to-do southern or western merchants. Our dapper friend is a salesman in a well-known dry goods house and derives his ostensible income through his expertise in gaining the good graces of this class of customers by his hospitable attentions in showing them the sights of the city and thereby securing their trade. It appears, however, that he has another source of income that he would probably not desire to have recognized by Gunnybags & Co. These individuals whom he has piloted to the establishment are well "fixed" and have come to the metropolis with the intention of uniting pleasure with business, and are willing to pay well for the experience. We find that our dapper salesman has distributed them where they will do the most good, and that, paired off with fascinating female *habitués* of the place, they are making remarkable contributions to its coffers through their liberal orders for champagne. The number of such individuals whom our salesman thus "steers" into the right place is no inconsiderable item in a season, and he receives a solid financial recognition for his friendly service in that direction, besides being allowed the freedom of the house at all times, and other privileges only accorded to the most favored visitors.

Meanwhile the fun on the floor has been progressing more and more recklessly. The scene from the gallery is really

BRILLIANT AND NOVEL.

Just below us is a set, turning, knotting and unraveling in a living thread, through the intricate mazes of a fancy quadrille. In the set are a coquettish Spanish señorita, a petite and pretty dame, whose shapely figure is well exhibited in a tight-fitting page's costume; and finally, undoubtedly the most striking figure on the floor, which at first strikes us as a nude form, as we see it under the deluding glare of the purple light that floods it, but which proves only one of the most ultra of burlesque undress costumes, if they can be so called—such as that with which Miss Clifton occasionally "paralyzes" the bald heads on the front rows—is a magnificent form, modelled after the very model of perfect womanhood, and the gallery as well as the floor on the side in which her set are vigorously performing is the attractive point for throngs of inquisitive males who have suddenly become intensely interested in anatomy. Our dry goods "capper's" friends, seated with their newly made female acquaintances in the saloon in the rear of the gallery, have been growing hilarious, and insist upon the lady guests standing up and joining them, glass in hand, in a roaring song of less than doubtful delicacy, they affectionately encircle the waists of their friends while they are sufficiently stimulated with their wine to proceed to more boisterous excesses, had their attention not been attracted by the scarcely attired lady in the quadrille aforesaid. One of the merchants is so moved by the sight that he insists upon joining in the dance with this unadorned beauty, which, after some diplomacy on the part of the "capper," he is given an opportunity of doing. An increased crowd gather to witness the attractions of the set with its addition of our country friend. The dance proceeds with renewed vigor for a while, albeit rendered much more intricate by the frantic efforts of our westerner to keep the run of the

BEWILDERING FIGURES.

Finally the mental effort added to the effects of the champagne prove too much for him, and as he attempts to swing his statuesque partner at the wrong time he clutches at the empty air, where he supposed she ought to be, and collides with a young "sheeny" in a skin-tight striped suit à la Sing Sing,

who, almost as awkward as himself, has just made a blunder with his partner, a lady representing America, Hail Columbia, the Star Spangled Banner or something of that sort, at least we hazard such a guess concerning her temporary identity from the fact of her being attired in a dress bearing—by actual count—thirteen red stripes, and a blue mantle flecked with white stars. The shock might not have disturbed our westerner, but the treacherous waxed floor was too much for his unaccustomed feet, which slipped from under him and let him down with a resounding whack on the floor, which is greeted with roars of derisive laughter from the audience, as the rural merchant, somewhat sobered and thoroughly discomfited, gathers himself and his ample frontier hat together and retires from further participation in the terpsichorean revelry, in which, for a time, he has had the honor of dividing attention with the galaxy of beauty present, not even excepting the marble siren whose charms were the magnet which drew him into the terpsichorean whirlpool.

FAREWELL, MOETT.

His Days Are Numbered—Vengeance to be Visited Upon a Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

HUDSON, N. Y., Feb. 15.—The trial of Henry Moett for the murder of his wife and Jacob Proper, her paramour, on the 12th of September last, was concluded in the oyer and terminer, in this city on the 4th inst. The jury, after being out all night, came in with a verdict of murder in the first degree. Judge Osborn sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on March 15th. After sentence the prisoner coolly asked the court that he be hanged in public and that he be allowed one hour and a half to speak.

This double murder was one of the most revolting ever committed in Columbia county. The crime was committed in the village of Churchtown, town of Taghkanic, six miles from this city, in the house where the Moett family lived. The building stands in a wilderness, far away from other habitations. Moett's wife was the daughter of John A. Williams, also of Taghkanic. Moett was her second husband, if, in fact, the couple were ever married at all. The woman was forty-one years old at the time of her death, and Moett about thirty-one. Jacob Proper was the son of John Proper of Hudson, and was about twenty-five years old. About two months before the tragedy he made the Moett house his home. The relations between him and Mrs. Moett excited the jealousy of Moett to such an extent that the

KILLING OF THE WIFE

and her alleged paramour was the result. The following is the prisoner's story, given the day after the murder, he having delivered himself up to the officers of the law: "For some time past my wife had been on intimate terms with Jacob Proper—a red-headed Jake. He frequently went to my house, and their familiarity made me much trouble. My wife would go off with him, and sometimes she compelled me to sleep in the barn while Proper occupied my bed. I did not like this, and made up my mind not to stand it. I meant to clear out. About 3 P. M., on September 12th, I went to the house to get what property belonged to me, which consisted of a wagon, harness and some other traps. I told her what I wanted, and she said I should not have the property, and if I did not get off the premises she would have me in jail, where I would rot. We quarrelled until Jake Proper came up, and he ordered me off the premises, and said he would 'take out my heart' if I did not clear out. He put his hand in his pocket as if to get a knife or pistol, when I pulled out my pistol and shot him in the breast. He fell partly to the ground and I shot him again. He then ran and I fired three more shots at him as he left for the woods. In the meantime my wife rushed into the house. I reloaded the five barrels of the pistol and went into the house, where we had words. I then fired five times at her, and she fell on the floor and expired almost immediately. When I shot her she was only ten feet from me, and I think I must have

SHOT HER FIVE TIMES.

I picked her up and laid her on the bed; then left the place and went to Chatham Village, where I surrendered myself to Deputy Sheriff Smith and told him what I had done. I think the law will justify me in what I did, and I have no regrets over the matter."

After Proper was shot he crawled into an adjacent barn, where he lingered for many hours, until he was discovered and removed to a neighboring farmer's house. He died on the second day after the shooting. Moett was indicted by the grand jury for murder in the first degree and his trial was begun before Justice Osborn and his associate, Justice Longley, ten days ago.

Mr. Williams, the father of Mrs. Moett, testified that a few days before the murder his daughter fled to his house for protection. Moett followed her and demanded her return, and a stormy scene ensued. Proper was in the house at the time. Referring to the latter and Mrs. Moett, the prisoner said, "I'll put a tail to them they can't get over." Mrs. Moett returned to her home, followed by Proper, who seems to have been blind to the danger hanging over him. The witness said he was not aware of any improper relations between his daughter and Proper. He also testified that he did not know whether Moett was married to his daughter or not.

Jacob Sheldon testified that he heard the shots fired and soon afterward Moett passed his house on horseback, and said to him, "I have killed one, and I guess the other will die, and I am going to Hudson to give myself up. My mind is satisfied."

The testimony for the state showed the murder to have been premeditated and cold-blooded. The defence pleaded justification and emotional insanity.

Several cases of poisoning from eating partridges which were kept too long after death, have recently occurred at Halifax, N. S. Many of the victims narrowly escaped death.

BOARDING-HOUSE ROMANCE.

Love Powders that made a Landlady and her Fashionable Boarder turn up their Refined Noses.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 14.—One of the most extraordinary cases that ever entertained court-room auditors was that of Josephine Terry against Edward J. Meany, at Justice Summerfield's office on yesterday. It involved a story of boarding-house life that has never been excelled in this or any other city. Beside the silver-haired cadi, there were present the respective counsel for the plaintiff and defendant, a good sprinkling of females who were interested in the examination as witnesses, and quite a number of young and old men. The susceptible maiden, fair and a prospective mother, is a small-sized brunette of about eighteen summers. She had been until Thursday last, employed as a dining-room waiter at the boarding-house of Michael Normile, at No. 250 Indiana street, since June last. The gay gallant who appeared as defendant is slim, sharp-featured, and twenty-one years old. He is boyish in appearance, dresses well, and is employed at the most prominent dry-goods house in the city. Of course, when the charge was alleged against him he pleaded not guilty, and Miss Terry took the witness' seat. She detailed in plain terms her intimacy with defendant, covering a period from November to January last. On one occasion their enjoyment had been disturbed by the sudden and unexpected appearance at her door of Miss Kittie Bartlett,

A SISTER HAND-MAID,

who loudly and vehemently demanded admittance, and persisted until she obtained it. On discovering the situation of affairs, however, she considerably promised to say nothing about it, and then skipped away to keep the secret along with another girl in the house. The counsel for the defendant endeavored to bring "another man" into the case but the girl stuck to her November and January story. Then she did a tale unfold that caused every ear in that court-room to tingle. She said that the cook of the Normile house, Miss Laura Turpin, a bud of blushing beauty, and Miss Bartlett, a comely lass, having discovered her relations with the seductive Eddie, sought her in secret, and they there organized a conspiracy against the peace and dignity of nearly all the male members of the household. To successfully accomplish the amorous design, the two young women induced her to go to a neighboring apothecary and procure a nickel's worth of what is known to entomologists as *cantharis vesicatoria*. The love potion was procured, and at breakfast the next morning the fair Josie was to carry it in the cups of tea or coffee that she was to set before Eddie, a doctor, Mr. Normile, and one or two other male boarders. The decoction was prepared under the supervision of the cook, the magic words were uttered, and Josie carried two steaming cups into the dining-room, one being intended for Eddie and the other for the doctor; but just as she reached the

SEAT OF HER LOVER,

she relented and adroitly placed the cup beside the plate of the staid and elderly matron of the house, Mrs. Normile. Both the landlady and the doctor sipped the fragrant Mocha, and observed that its flavor was a little bitter, but drank the greater portion of it nevertheless. Similar doses were served to the venerable and dignified Normile, and also to another boarder. They were drunk, and when the repast was over the landlady sought the girls for information as to the peculiar flavor. Josie weakened, and confessed that she and the other girls had done it. The plot being thus disclosed, the denouement was eagerly and anxiously awaited by the expectant household, and fears were entertained that direful results would ensue. Developments have not as yet been made, but are anticipated.

Dr. S. W. Ingraham was called to testify as a medical expert and Miss Bartlett was asked to give any evidence she could affecting the case, but was not allowed to detail the result of the conspiracy above alluded to, if indeed it ever had any.

Mrs. Catharine Normile, the landlady of 250 Indiana street, whence this strange and eventful history proceeded, came upon the stand and related how Josie had confessed her intimacy with the witness' nephew, and said that she agreed to

STAND BY THE GIRL

while she was under her roof, and she had done so until Thursday, when Josie left of her own accord.

Then came the defendant, who admitted much, but denied the truth of more of the prosecutor's story, and then the taking of testimony was closed, although Miss Turpin was present and insisted upon getting an opportunity to deny that she had ever entered into a conspiracy of the kind detailed. She was called to order by the court, who refused to listen to arguments, and bound the defendant over to the criminal court in bonds of \$500.

Detectives Duffy and McDonald, who had the young defendant in charge, took him over to Jailer Currier, and his attorney and friends went in search of a surety, in order to get him released from jail. The prisoner was deeply sympathized with by several young male friends, who took great interest in the proceedings and the young women who figured in them.

Orlando Greenfield.

[With Portrait.]

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 19.—Counsel for Greenfield, the condemned murderer of his wife, are still busy in their efforts to secure a commutation of his sentence of death to imprisonment for life. Despite their zeal, however, the general opinion is that his execution will take place in April. This is his third sentence, and in all probability it will prove the last. The attempt to rake up bogus witnesses from the west has been a failure. His crime was a brutal one and he richly merits his impending fate.

OH! JULIA!

Forcing Her Unwilling Romeo to Come
to Matrimonial With
a Revolver.

"SAILING DOWN THE BAY."

After Winning the Prize She Wanders
Into Forbidden Paths With
Yardstick Knights.

DOMESTIC TABLEAU—DUTCH MUSIC.

Not many people, Dickens believed, care to sleep in a church in the night-time. It is equally certain that not many young ladies would prefer to be married in a lawyer's office. And yet this hymenial incongruity occurred in the case of Miss Julia Nunnenkamp. The train of exciting circumstances which led up to this spasmodic consummation were rehearsed to the scribe by Mr. A. H. Hummel. Julia met destiny in the alluring form of Albert R. Greenbaum. The scene was College Point in a "garten," where the rites of terpsichore were being celebrated. Miss Nunnenkamp was then a ravishing young siren of sixteen, with a petite but prettily modelled form. She was a very pronounced brunette. Her eyes were black and bright; the lashes that embowered them long and curved and silken. Her hands were exceedingly small and shapely, while her little foot and ankle were lovely. Her teeth were small and white; her lips were red and luscious. Albert was tall and stout, with a pink complexion and flaxen hair, which at all seasons resolutely stood on end like porcupine prickles. His eyes were blue and tender, and by occupation he was a manufacturer of fringe. He was some half a dozen years the siren's senior, and his place of business was on Second avenue. Miss Nunnenkamp resided in College Point with her parents, and that evening Albert took a tender farewell of her at the station, and promised to

"SEE HER ON SUNDAY."

at a certain indicated place and hour. Julia kept her appointment. They got into a boat and drifted on the bosom of the tide among the Cycladean islands of the Sound. The twilight's purple charm found them ashore. They were quite alone. The birds had ceased their twitterings in the shrubs; the sea gull was rocked on the gentle wavelets; the owl was wiping his eyes preparatory to a visit to the home of the mouse, and the Sound was sighing all along both its shores as the fringemaker assured Julia that he loved her, and would continue to love her for ever and ever. The boat returned to College Point on the young flood, and there were no tears in the eyes of the nymph who had lost the brightest jewel in her budding womanhood. She was anxious to introduce her hardy Norseman to her parents, but he excused himself. He had a singing meeting to attend, and it was necessary to get right home. He promised to write, and kept the promise. He visited Julia the following Sunday and saw her home and her parents. The young lady, presumably because she wished to be near her lover, was anxious to obtain a situation in a fancy store in the city. Albert promised to look out for her. Behold her then, about the beginning of August stationed behind the sales counter of an establishment on Sixth avenue, near Nineteenth street. She liked the new life despite its long hours, and on evenings when Albert was preoccupied used to accept the escort of the various young men of the firm to various establishments where beer was sold and

MUSIC MURDERED.

There was no need to inform the fringemaker of those stolen pleasures. He bought her valuable presents. He saw her at least thrice a week, and he called her his little wife—in German. He introduced her to others as his betrothed, and he accompanied her to her home and placed his elbows on the parental mahogany like one who had earned the right to the privilege. With the arrival of Christmas a misunderstanding arose between the lovers. Julia wanted to be married. Barkis wasn't willin'. He saw certain impediments. There were a half hundred good and sufficient reasons why he wouldn't marry—just then. Julia explained that her personal inclinations for matrimony were urgent. Then the fringemaker turned around and accused her of keeping company o' nights with other lawless young men. Whereupon the unfortunate maid waxed wroth, and hissed some of the most uncomplimentary words that had ever collided with her lover's tympanum.

On a subsequent occasion, when he met her by appointment, she produced a revolver, and threatened to shoot him on sight, unless he kept his promise. He renewed his vows, and had her arrested an hour afterwards. She was bound over to keep the peace at Essex Market in January, 1877. Soon after she retained the services of Messrs. Howe and Hummel. He was introduced to the boarders in Castle Ludlow, after having been compelled to tramp through the streets in a drenching rain. He had to pay untold gold before one of the Castle messengers would carry him a message or a letter. Finally he procured bail, and just as he was preparing to flap his wings in the new air of freedom he was arrested again and introduced to a cell in that gloomy Centre street building, which he had been informed was probably the finest specimen of Egyptian architecture in the country. Under these circumstances he cried "Peccavi!" and in April, 1877, an interesting ceremony in Messrs. Howe and Hummel's office made Julia his lawfully wedded wife.

Not many weeks after the wedding Mr. Greenbaum's wife was

MISSING FROM HOME.

He waited a week and then sought her at her parents' home. She hadn't been there. He inquired for her at the police stations. He invited her to come home in a "Personal." He didn't see her for eleven weeks. One night she rang the door bell. Being admitted, she walked up stairs into the disorderly rooms. Albert lay on the lounge smoking and half asleep. He jumped upon his feet. His hair stood erect upon his head. He thought he saw Julia's ghost before him. "Well, errie!" she said. He knew she was flesh and blood; but she was pale and emaciated, and her large dark eyes were sunk in her head and imparted a ghastly expression to her face. Very naturally he wanted to know where she had been. She did not respond cheerfully to his catechism. From that day to this her doings and whereabouts during these eleven weeks remain a mystery to him.

When Julia's health was restored her husband was desirous that she should assist him in his business. This she positively refused to do. Not only so, he accuses her of having appropriated large quantities of expensive fringe and to have disposed of it for her own use. Moreover, her temper was one of the most fiery description, while he avers she was more stubborn and obstinate than an unregenerate Kentucky mule. By and by she developed great proficiency in attending matinees at the variety theatres. Mr. Greenbaum coaxed, threatened and cursed his spouse. She paid less heed than did the Colorado giant to the medical committee who examined his incipient tail. She went on her own way, and she went the whole way rejoicing.

Mr. Greenbaum has cause to remember the first of May, last year. It was a Thursday, and it was "moving day." He had moved at an early hour on that great migrating anniversary.

LEAVING JULIA TO FIX THINGS

and to put the house in order. About three o'clock in the afternoon he dropped down from his fringe factory to see how she was progressing. He rapped at his door. It was locked. That was but natural. He rapped again and again, and once more, and then repeatedly. There was no response. Mr. Greenbaum does not possess a woman's intuition allied to a lightning imagination, but rather the reverse. He stood and tried to reason the cause of the silence out on pure logical principles. He had remained in this impassive state maybe for ten minutes, when he heard a soft, sweet voice murmur "Oh, he's gone!"

Finding that his ratiocinative processes had been quite at fault, and that his wife was within and not without, as he had argued, he walked down stairs, crossed the street and calmly surveyed the window. The problem with which he was at present actively wrestling was to ascertain who his wife had with her. He thought that his mental processes might be quickened by a glass of beer. He went in search of the beverage. He again ascended the stairs of his new home. The door was open and there was Julia on her knees putting down the bedroom carpet. He began to interrogate the brilliant little brunette. "Why didn't you open the door?" She gave the woman's reason that she didn't feel like opening it.

"WHO WAS WITH YOU?"

"A neighbor's child," to be sure. Somehow or other he was not satisfied, but he did not intimate his dissatisfaction. He paid a visit to the offices of Messrs. How & Hummel and complained of the matrimonial bargain that those lawyers had, as it were, forced upon him. He rehearsed his exasperating experiences, and he asked for advice. After that Mr. Greenbaum detailed a trusty employee to watch his wife. She was shadowed to the variety theatres, and she was seen to bow to gentlemen on the street; but as she always was accompanied by a lady friend, nothing further than a harmless flirtation could be construed out of her proceedings. When summer came Julia and her friend paid frequent visits to Coney Island, whither the spy did not follow them; but he was always on the wharf at night when they returned. He saw nothing amiss. It was reserved for Mr. Greenbaum himself to make the discovery that broke up his home. He announced several days in advance, that on September 18, 1879, he would proceed to Philadelphia by the early morning train. Julia fell into the trap. He did not go to Philadelphia. At three P. M. he walked up stairs in his stockings. He listened at the keyhole. He burst open the door. Tableau. Commenced proceedings in the Supreme Court. The case is at present pending on the calendar.

The Whirligig of Time.

The following story has come to the hearing of the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution: "Many years ago there was a young fellow named Bigelow sent by his father to Yale college. The father was very rich, and the youngster lived in grand style at the university. Suddenly the old gentleman broke and had to withdraw his son from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and determined to have one anyhow. He therefore went to work and learned a trade as a machinist. While he was at his work his old associates cut him and refused to have anything to do with him. The young ladies with whom he had been a great favorite failed to recognize him when they met him. One day when going from his work he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his dinner-bucket over his arm and supposed she would cut him as all the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as 'Tom,' and insisted that he should call and see her as he had always done. She said, 'there is no change in you as far as I am concerned.' The years rolled on. The young work-boy became immensely wealthy, and is now the mayor of New Haven, with an income of \$100,000 a year and owner of a factory in which fifteen hundred men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from Mr. Bigelow, and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. Mr. Bigelow sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for her husband's indebtedness; and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young work-boy at college."

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.

Raiding the Moonshiners of Georgia—
Bushwhacking in the Dark—A Deadly
Ambuscade.

Toccoa, Habersham County, Ga., Feb. 9.—At three o'clock on the morning of the 16th ult., a posse of sixteen armed and mounted men left this city with orders to enter Rabun county and remain there until they had broken up the hundreds of whisky stills known to be in operation in that county. Rabun is wild, mountainous and sparsely populated. It is traversed by no railways, and Clayton, its only village, contains about seventy-five inhabitants. There is not a saloon or registered distillery in the county, but its inhabitants, as a class, are whisky-loving people, and their tastes are amply gratified from the stills of seventy-five and eighty gallons capacity that are running in almost every mountain ravine. The passage of a party of revenue officers by day along the mountain roads is always attended by shouts and the blowing of horns and the firing of guns far up the mountain sides—the moonshiners' signals to one another to tear out and conceal their copper stills or to organize and bushwhack the revenue raiders from behind the ledges of some mountain pass. Almost the only way of making a successful raid is to surprise the distillers by night. Deputy Collector Shepard's programme was to seize four illicit stills on the night of the 16th, and in order to enhance his chances of surprising the distillers he put his party into camp on the outskirts of Rabun county to await the cover of night and the coming of a guide, who was to locate for him the mountain stills. At nightfall the posse mounted their horses for a fifteen hours' gallop over

THE MOUNTAIN ROADS.

The night's work was a perfect success; the posse traversed Rabun county from its extreme southwestern to the extreme northwestern corner, seizing three stills in Rabun, and, passing over a ridge of mountains into Townes county, caught two moonshiners in the act of distilling. The revenue squad had taken the moonshiners by surprise, but they had also left the country in alarm behind them. With horses jaded and men half frozen and exhausted they were illly prepared to fight their way back into the center of Rabun, where Collector Clark had ordered them to encamp on the morning of the 17th. It was a matter of surprise to every one when the posse, about 9 o'clock in the morning, reached the proposed place of encampment without having heard the crack of a single rifle or having met with resistance in any shape or form. But a greater and more unpleasant experience was in store for them ere the sun would set than that which they had experienced.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, after the men had just arisen from a sleep, the crack of a rifle was heard on the mountain side, and the same instant a rifle ball came whizzing into the camp, grazing the ear of one of the men. In an instant every man was on his feet, carbine in hand, gazing in the direction of the

SOUND OF THE RIFLE SHOT.

A moment later a half dozen Minnie balls went whizzing after a form that was seen retreating through the rocks and trees on the mountain side; but, like the shot of the moonshiner, they were without effect. Appearances now assumed a very suspicious nature. A dozen men were seen at different times during the next two hours moving cautiously among the rocks and trees of the mountains that arose on either side of the camp. Later in the day the proprietor of the land on which the party were encamped informed them that they would have to leave his premises. There was no doubt that an advance by night would result only in the men running into an ambuscade of moonshiners. It was their intention to move on to Clayton the following morning, but it was now decided to move in an opposite direction, and thus deceive the moonshiners as to the route of their march. A few hundred yards up the valley a friendly-disposed farmer was found, who agreed to let them encamp for the night in a field in the center of which was a log stable. On two sides of the field were woody mountains, within easy gunshot range of which was the stable; there was no doubt that from these woods they would be fired into before the night had passed. Doubts of an attack decreased as the night grew old. Torches were seen moving here and there on the mountain side; the stillness of the night was continually broken by the

MOONSHINERS' SIGNAL YELLS;

but the half of the men who had been on picket duty up to midnight in a cold, drizzling rain, came off duty without having been fired upon. As the second squad of pickets were taking their places along the fence for the remainder of the night, two of them heard a voice near them say: "You take the right one and I'll take the left." The two men dropped to the ground and a second later a couple of balls struck the rails above their heads. Springing to their feet they saw a couple of moonshiners retreating through the darkness across an open field and sent a half dozen rounds from their carbines spinning after them. An hour passed before the silence was again broken: this time by the reports of fifteen or twenty rifles on the mountain side and a rain of bullets against the logs of the stable. The pickets returned a volley in the direction of the flash of the rifles and the men who were asleep in the stable hurried in alarm out to their posts. A season of quiet again set in, and a part of the men, completely exhausted from the labor of the previous night and the picket duty of the present one, returned to the stable to attempt to catch a little rest. But an hour later a picket was sent in to inform them that the moonshiners were on all sides, and were evidently preparing for a renewal of their warfare. It was about two o'clock at night when the entire force was put on duty, and half an hour later the moonshiners again opened fire. The flash of their guns now told of an increase of their force, and the whizzing of the balls overhead and the

DULL THUDS OF BULLETS

against the fence gave startling indications that they knew the location. The only recourse was to fire in the direction of the flash of their guns. There was really no hope of hitting the moonshiners in their concealment behind rocks and trees, but, as if by common consent, every picket sent a few rounds from his carbine into the mountain side. The shots were not entirely without avail, for it seems that the moonshiners retreated and the firing ceased for the night. The pickets were kept out till daybreak, but, in their exhausted condition many of them, even in the face of such danger, fell asleep at their posts.

They remained in camp until 10 o'clock the next morning. From the earliest light men could be seen stealing along the mountain sides in the direction we had set out the evening before, and ere breaking up camp they ascertained that the moonshiners had formed an ambuscade in advance with the purpose of bushwhacking as they passed along. But the objective point was Clayton, and, turning our horses' heads in an opposite direction from their ambuscade, a gallop of ten miles brought them to the village. Here they were reinforced yesterday by sixteen men from South Carolina under Collector Clarke and four from Gainesville under Deputy Collector Gaston. To-day a party of moonshiners ten miles north of Clayton sent the Collector a defiant message stating that they are now running ten illicit stills, and requesting him to send a force after them, as they desired to kill his men and keep their horses. At 3 o'clock to-morrow morning the entire force will leave here, conduct the Collector and his surveyor to a distiller who desires to have a distillery surveyed and enter upon distilling legally, and to-morrow night the entire force will encamp in the field that was the scene of the former battle. It is proposed to keep the present force in Rabun county until the distillers are conquered. Three other revenue squads were sent into other portions of the state simultaneously with this one. No official information has yet been received from them, and fears are entertained for their safety. It is possible, however, that the absence of the telegraph and railway in their localities may account for the silence. The gravest fears are now entertained for the lives of the men in each and all of the squads.

SHOCKING SEQUEL

To a Life of Illicit Love—Jealousy Prompts
a Desperate Deed.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 14.—Between 9 and 10 o'clock Friday night a man and woman entered the City Hotel, 92 West Fayette street. The man stepped into the bar-room and stated that he desired a room for himself and wife. He paid the proprietor, Charles Coppins, a dollar, and was shown to room 3. An hour later he came down stairs and obtained some port wine, which he took to the room. The couple didn't come down to breakfast yesterday morning, nor to dinner, and it was thought they had departed. The chambermaid did not commence to make the beds and arrange the rooms until the middle of the afternoon. At 4 o'clock she tried the door of room 3, but found it locked. She looked through the keyhole and perceived the key in the lock on the inside. She informed Mr. Coppins, who at once suspected something wrong. He procured a knife and proceeded to the room. With the knife the key was turned sufficiently to push it out. Another key was inserted and the lock sprung. On opening the door

A FEARFUL SIGHT

was presented to the spectators. At the foot of the bed, on the floor, partially on her left side, lay the woman. In her left hand she held a small hand-glass and in her right a revolver. From a hole in her right temple a stream of clotted blood extended across her head to the floor. The carpet was saturated and her hair was matted with gore. The woman was partially disrobed. She had removed her shoes and dress, but had not taken off her underclothing. Her face presented a sight. It was distorted with pain and her teeth were buried deep in her tongue, which, together with her lips, were of a dark purple. Her limbs were drawn up and her face distorted, which indicated that she must have experienced the utmost agony in her dying struggles.

The man was lying on his left side at the front of the bed, with the sheets pulled up around his neck. His face was calm, but in his left temple was an orifice from which the blood had stained and colored the pillow, sheet and the ticking underneath. He had on his underclothing and shirt. The position of the bodies

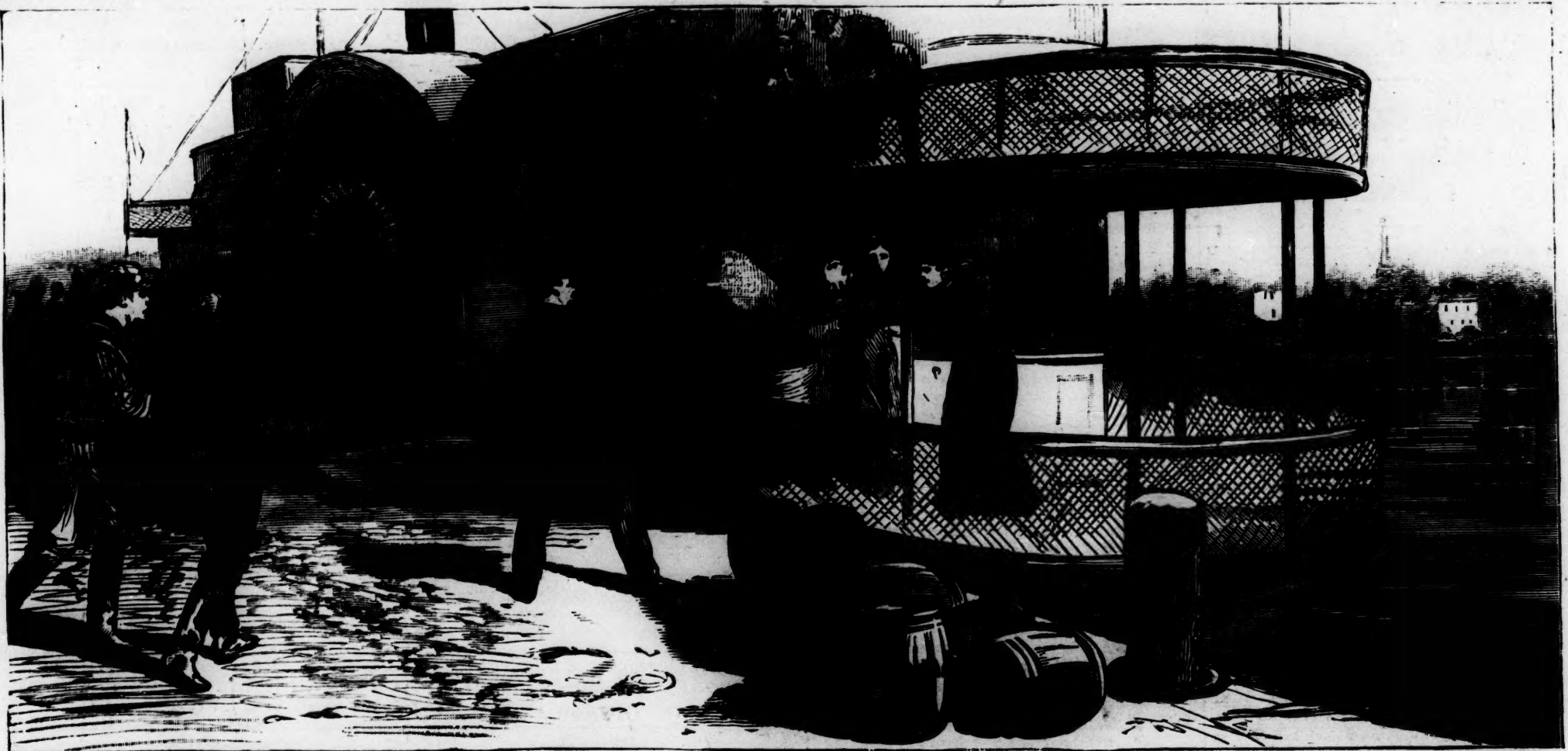
TOLD THE TERRIBLE TALE.

The woman had shot the man and then deliberately killed herself. Both were stone dead.

A young man sleeping in an adjoining building heard two shots and a fall last night at 11 o'clock. It is supposed that that was the time the tragedy occurred. The bodies lay unidentified for some time. This evening it was learned that the man and woman were cousins. One was named Julius C. Mantz and the other Amelia Mantz. The former was thirty-one years old and the latter twenty-eight.

About two years ago Amelia was ruined by Julius under promise of marriage. It is supposed she shot him while he was asleep and then killed herself, taking aim by looking into the glass. Both were highly respected. Amelia loved Julius deeply, but he did not reciprocate the passion. No other details are known. The two left Amelia's house together last night at 7 o'clock, and that was the last seen of them alive.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Morris Vanheseler, a West side burglar, was shot in the brain at midnight by an unknown party; the wounded man is unconscious and in a dying condition. The police are unable to account for his injuries, but it is believed that he was either shot by some person he was trying to rob, or by a confederate with whom he may have quarreled,



DEAD IN HER TRACKS—PATRICK WASHINGTON, SUSPECTING HIS WIFE OF CLANDESTINE MEETINGS WITH A FIREMAN ON THE STEAMER IDLEWILD, EMPHASIZES HIS SUSPICIONS BY FOLLOWING HER TO THE WHARF AND TAKING HER LIFE; HENDERSON, IND.—SEE PAGE 5.



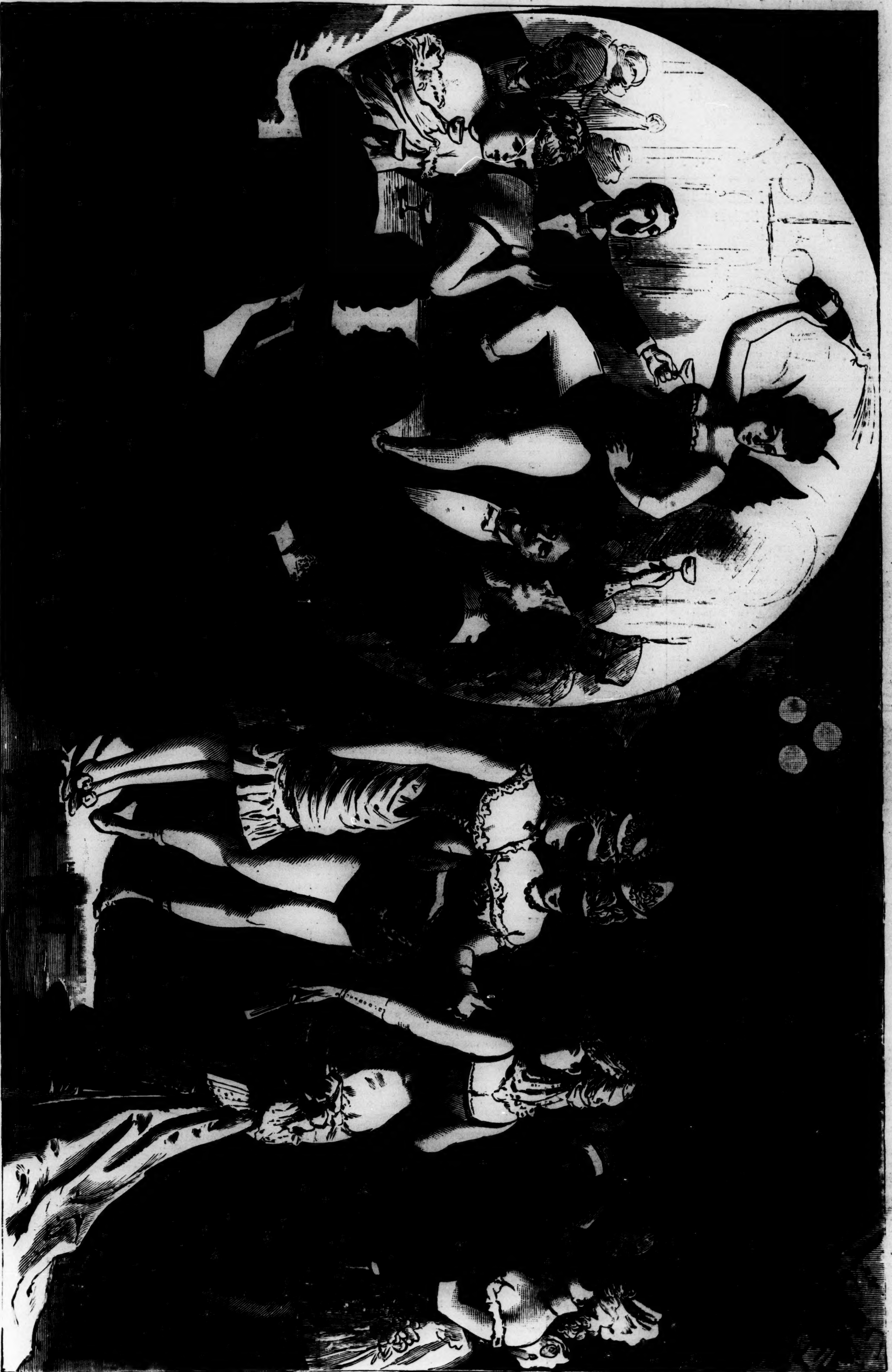
SHOCKING SEQUEL TO A LIFE OF ILLICIT LOVE—AMELIA MAUTZ IN A FIT OF JEALOUS PASSION, MURDERS HER LOVER AND THEN KILLS HERSELF; SYRACUSE, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 7.



A HARTFORD CITY, IND., BRUISER AFTER MAULING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW AND WALLOPING HER FAMILY GENERALLY IS RETALIATED UPON BY THE INJURED PARTIES IN A TRAGIC MANNER.—SEE PAGE 13.



THE SOPHOMORES AND FRESHMEN OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA., ORGANIZE A DONNYBROOK FAIR ON THEIR OWN HOOK, AND MUTILATE EACH OTHER TO THE TOP OF THEIR BELLIGERENT BENT—SEE PAGE 11.



GRAND BALL OF THE ARION SOCIETY AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, FEBRUARY 19.—NEW YORK'S BEAUTY AND CHIVALRY JOIN IN THE WORSHIP OF TERPSICHOE AND BACCHUS.—SCENES AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE GYMNASIUM OF FINANCE AND ARRANGEMENTS, DRESSED IN THE COSTUMES OF THE EMPRESS KATHERINE OF RUSSIA AND CASSANORA.—A CHAMPAGNE-INSPIRED BELLE PROPOSES A TOAST.—SKETCHED BY SPECIAL GAZETTE ARTIST. See Page 2

A BYRNE-ING SHAME.

The High Priest of Dramatic Morality
and Self-Styled Champion of
"Truth" Runs Himself Into

A BIGAMOUS MUCK.

A Trip to the Land of Thistles That
May Prove a Serious
Affair.

ACT 1ST. SCENE 2D—JEFFERSON MARKET.

[With Portraits.]

It was noised abroad on Friday night, the 14th inst., that Charles A. Byrne, editor of the *Dramatic News*, would be a prisoner in Jefferson Market court within twelve hours, and that court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity on the following morning. A number of other cases of a very peculiar nature also tended to attract many people who knew nothing of Mr. Byrne or his matrimonial infelicities. Justice Duffy sat on the bench and disposed of several of the routine complaints of drunk and disorderly, after which he directed his special attention to the case of Laura E. Byrne versus Charles A. Byrne, for bigamy.

On Friday afternoon last Mrs. Laura E. Byrne applied for a warrant for the arrest of her husband and his second wife, Alfa Merrill. Yesterday morning Officers Fawcett and McSally arrested Mr. Byrne and Alfa Merrill at 928 Seventh avenue. The fact of a warrant being out for his arrest was known to Mr. Byrne, and he was not surprised when the officers came for him. He and his present wife, who is

WELL KNOWN IN DRAMATIC CIRCLES, were put under arrest, and taken to court. They were led into the justice's private room, where the examination took place. The two prisoners were accompanied by their counsel, Charles W. Brooke. Mrs. Laura E. Byrne, the complainant, was accompanied by a lady friend, and Mr. John D. Townsend, her counsel. She was dressed in a plain suit of black, and a hat, over which was thrown a veil. She took a seat near her counsel, and awaited the reading of the affidavit.

The affidavit made by Mrs. Byrne against her husband under oath before Justice Duffy was then read. It is as follows:

"LAURA E. BYRNE'S AFFIDAVIT—NO. 1.

"Laura E. Byrne, being duly sworn, says: I reside at 26 West Twenty-third street, in the city of New York. I am the lawful wife of Charles A. Byrne, and was married to him on or about the 9th day of September, 1873, and continued to live with him as his wife until on or about the 5th day of November, 1879, when he deserted me, as I am informed, for one Alfa Merrill, since known as Alfa Humphrey, who was divorced from her husband for adultery with my said husband. The marriage between me and my said husband has never been set aside by a court, but still remains undisturbed. With a full knowledge of the fact that I was still his wife, and with felonious intent, the said Charles A. Byrne married Alfa Humphrey at Drummondsville, Canada, on the 28th day of January, 1880, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided.

"LAURA E. BYRNE."

After the reading a second affidavit was presented, and proved to be against Alfa Merrill, since known as Alfa Humphrey, that having been her maiden name. It was as follows:

"LAURA E. BYRNE'S AFFIDAVIT—NO. 2.

"City and County of New York:

"Laura E. Byrne, being duly sworn, says: I reside at 26 West Twenty-third street, New York. I am the lawful wife of Charles A. Byrne, and was married to him on or about the 9th day of September, 1873, in the city of New York, and continued to live with him as his wife until on or about the 5th day of November, 1879. The marriage between me and my said husband has never been set aside by a court, but still remains in full effect and undisturbed. While living with my husband, one Alfa Merrill, with her husband, was a visitor upon us, and subsequently her husband obtained a divorce in this state against her, for

ADULTERY WITH MY HUSBAND.

With a full knowledge that Charles A. Byrne was my lawful husband at the time, and with felonious intent, the said Alfa Merrill, under the name of Alfa Humphrey, married my said husband at Drummondsville, in Canada, on the 28th day of January, 1880. I pray that she may be arrested and dealt with according to law.

"Sworn to before me this 13th day of February, 1880.

"LAURA E. BYRNE.

"P. G. DUFFY, Police Justice."

After the complaints had been duly read Counselor Brooke opened the case for the prisoners by denying the authority of the court on the ground that the alleged bigamy was committed in Canada, and wholly out of the jurisdiction of this city. He referred to the Revised Statutes, where it was ruled that a marriage having taken place outside of the country, it could not be acted on or annulled in another country. Mr. Townsend replied that the section indicated had no bearing whatever upon the present case, as there was a special statute covering it, and the case under trial was entirely within the jurisdiction of the court; therefore the magistrate had power to act. The marriage may have been legal in Canada, but it was illegal here. The prisoner, Byrne, returns to this

country and has two wives here, both alive and residing in the same city.

"If my learned friend's opinions," continued Mr. Townsend, "were to rule, and the statute referred to were to be the criterion, a man might go to every country and marry a new wife every time."

Mr. Brooke having made a motion to dismiss the case, Justice Duffy ordered it to proceed.

Mr. Brooke took exception to the ruling, and asked that it be put on record.

Rev. Charles Lycester Ingles, a minister of the Church of England, residing in Drummondsville, County Welland, Province of Ontario, Canada, was then called to the stand by the prosecution and swore to the following affidavit:

"THE MINISTER'S AFFIDAVIT.

"Charles Lycester Ingles, being duly sworn, says: I reside at Drummondsville, County of Welland, Province of Ontario, Canada. I am a minister of the Church of England, and Rector of Stamford. On the 23rd of January, 1880, at Drummondsville aforesaid, I united in marriage by license one Charles A. Byrne, who designated himself to me as a bachelor residing in the city of New York, to Alfa A. Humphrey, who designated herself to me as a widow from the same place. As witnesses to such marriage

THERE WERE TWO PERSONS,

who stated their residence to be in the city of New York, and who gave their names to me to be Charles W. Brooke and Mary Brooke. After the marriage the parties to it, as well as the witnesses, all above-named, entered in their own handwriting their names in the register belonging to the parish, which book I have brought with me from Drummondsville and have now in my possession. I have seen two pictures which I recognize as Charles A. Byrne and Alfa A. Humphrey, and I have attached my initials, 'C. L. I., Feb. 13, 1880,' to each of them. I have also seen a picture cut from a paper called *Truth*, of Feb. 13, 1880, which I recognize as being one of the witnesses, Charles W. Brooke, who appeared before me at the solemnization of the marriage aforesaid. Upon that picture also I have attached my initials and the date of Feb. 13, 1880. Before I consented to marry such couple I received from John A. Orchard, issuer of marriage licenses for that county, by the hand of said Charles A. Byrne, a marriage license, which I now have with me, and which contains the information to me, as required by the laws of Canada, that the said Charles A. Byrne had made oath before him, the said Orchard, that he (Byrne) believed that there was no affinity, consanguinity, free contract, or any other lawful cause or legal impediment to bar or hinder the solemnization of the said marriage between himself and the said Alfa Humphrey. I should not have married the said couple had I not been satisfied by the receipt of such license that the law of Canada in relation thereto had been complied with.

"CHARLES LYCESTER INGLES.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me Feb. 13, 1880.

"P. G. DUFFY, Police Justice."

In his cross-examination he said he positively identified the two prisoners in court as a couple whom he united in marriage on the 28th of January, 1880. He then produced the parish register containing the entry of marriage. It was signed "Charles A. Byrne" and "Alfa Humphrey," the witnesses being Charles W. Brooke, counselor in the present case, and his wife, Mary Brooke. It was the custom in Canada, he explained, for every clergyman to give a slip of paper to the town clerk containing the name, age and residence of the contracting parties, and also stating whether they were married or not previously. In this instance the groom answered that his name was Charles A. Byrne, a New York journalist. He forgot now what age he gave at the time. The bride said her name was Alfa Humphrey, twenty-three years of age, single, and lived in New York. The lady witness corrected her and said, "Married before," and "widow" was accordingly put down on the list. Witness then exhibited

THE MARRIAGE LICENSE.

The next witness produced was Dr. Alfred P. Merrill, the divorced husband of Mrs. Byrne No. 2. He said he was living at the Park Avenue Hotel. He was asked if he knew the prisoners.

At this moment Counselor Brooke stood up and objected to any testimony from witness. Counselor Townsend said he proposed to show that witness was divorced from Alfa Humphrey, the prisoner.

The doctor was withdrawn, and Mrs. Laura E. Byrne was put on the stand and was examined. She said she lived at No. 26 West Twenty-third street. She was married to Charles A. Byrne on Sept. 9, in St. Ann's Church, by Father Lake, the witnesses being Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Flynn. Her marriage has never been set aside to her knowledge. In answer to Mr. Brooke's questions witness answered:

"I was introduced first to Mr. Byrne by Miss Nettie Brooke. At that time I was living in Tenth street. Mr. Byrne visited me there frequently against my will. I was then married, my name being Mrs. H. L. Timian. I also lived with a Mrs. Steinbeck at No. 61 West Twelfth street. I believe my first husband died in 1872."

"Are you aware that your first husband, Mr. Timian, is alive at present in Germany?"

"I am not aware that my husband is alive in Germany. I heard of his death by report. Mr. Byrne also told me of his death. He went to Germany for his health—he was then very ill. I also heard through friends that he died in Germany, but in what city or state I do not know. I never lived with a Mrs. Sandford at 61 West Fifteenth street, but I knew Mrs. Sandford, and visited her there. When I used to visit her my husband was then living. He called upon me a few days before he left for Germany. I was living with Mr. Byrne in Bond street when Mr. Timian called. That was, I think, in 1870."

After a short recess the examination was resumed. Mrs. Laura E. Byrne again took the stand. Mr. Brooke asked that the case proceed no further, but that it be dismissed on the testimony already given. Justice Duffy, however, denied the motion.

"Then I waive further examination," said the Counselor.

Counselor Townsend asked that the examination proceed. Certain statements, he claimed, had been drawn from the witness by cross-examination, which caused her to be placed in a very

EMBARRASSING POSITION,

and he asked that she be allowed to explain them.

The magistrate said it had been decided in a number of instances that the waiving of an examination did not prevent the prosecution from making good its case. At the same time, the duties of the presiding magistrate were to hold the accused for trial when he considered that sufficient evidence had been offered to warrant his doing so. In this case there was sufficient evidence; but at the same time he considered it only just to give witness an opportunity to explain any matter that might have a tendency to place her in an undesirable light.

Mr. Townsend then turned to the witness and showed her a letter and a marriage certificate. The certificate was dated June 14, 1871, and read that "Charles Alfred Byrne and Laura Elizabeth Timian were married at 58 Bond street." There was no signature of a minister to it, but the witnesses were J. Wilkins and Adie Woods. Mrs. Byrne identified the certificate and said it was in Byrne's handwriting. She was next shown a letter dated October 15, which read:

"Before you, Laura, my darling wife, I only live for you. So help me God."

C. A. BYRNE.

This was also identified as being written by Mr. Byrne.

Mr. Townsend said: "In regard to the matter of witness' first husband, even if he were alive, no one could produce him in court."

Justice Duffy then held Mr. Byrne in \$1,500 bail for trial at General Sessions on the charge of bigamy. Mr. Townsend then said: "Now, your Honor, we will proceed with the case of Miss Humphrey, against whom we have also a charge of bigamy."

Mr. Brooke objected to further hearing, and said: "In this case I waive all examination."

The magistrate held her also in \$1,500 bail. Mr. Theodore Moss, treasurer of Wallack's Theatre, then became bondsman for both the accused. After the bond had been signed, all the parties quietly left the court.

AN AWFUL DISCOVERY.

A Lady Finds the Body of Her Sister on
a Dissecting Table.

HARDINTOWN, O., Feb. 15.—About two weeks ago Miss Jennie Black, a beautiful young woman of this place, died suddenly of heart disease, as was supposed, but with symptoms attending her illness which made her case of especial interest to the physicians. There was no suspicion of foul play, but there was something in the case which seemed to be new to medical science, and the doctors urged the relatives to consent to an autopsy, so that they could dissect the heart and lungs of the dead girl. This, however, was positively refused by the relatives, who consisted of Mr. Thomas H. Brown, the brother-in-law, and his wife, the sister of Miss Black.

The latter especially seemed horror-struck at the idea of her poor sister's mortal remains desecrated by the surgeon's knife to gratify what she only regarded as morbid curiosity, and she watched and guarded the corpse with jealous care as long as it was above ground.

On the Sunday following the death of Miss Black, her remains were buried in the churchyard of the Methodist church at this place. The next Tuesday morning, the sexton of the church had occasion to go into the burial ground and he discovered that the grave of Miss Black

HAD BEEN OPENED.

He investigated, and found that a hole had been dug at the head of the grave, the cover of the coffin had been broken in, and that the corpse had been dragged out, apparently by a rope around the neck, after which, the dirt had been thrown back into the hole, but so carelessly as to leave the little mound which had first attracted his attention.

A trail was also found from the grave to the churchyard wall as of a heavy burden being dragged over the ground, and just outside of the wall where the trail ended were marks of several wheels of a light wagon and the hoofs of one horse.

When the intelligence of the grave robbery was conveyed to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, they were overwhelmed with horror. Mrs. Brown was especially overcome by the news, and she insisted that the two doctors who had been in attendance upon her sister had had a hand in the crime. The police were at once consulted, and by their advice a warrant was obtained to search the medical college, which was situated about ten miles away, and in the direction in which the tracks of the light wagon pointed.

The warrant was soon obtained, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, accompanied by one policeman, set out in a carriage for the college. Reaching their destination they were, after some hesitation on the part of the persons in charge, admitted to the dissecting-room.

As is the case in every medical college in the country at this time of the year, there was a number of bodies on the various tables awaiting the

KNIVES OF THE STUDENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were shown through the rooms where the students were at work, when suddenly they paused at a table whereon lay the body of a young woman covered only with a sheet, and with its fair hair falling wildly around the head. The dead girl's sister at once recognized the body, and with a wild cry fell almost fainting upon the table. Mr. Brown also recognized the body as that of Miss Black, and at once demanded its return. The professor who was in charge of the room attempted in vain to convince them that they were mistaken, and they insisted upon having the body confined and returned to its resting-place in the Hardintown churchyard.

According to the authorities of the college, the only person who had anything to do with receiving "subjects" for dissection was the janitor, and he insisted that the body in question was received in the regular and legal way from a Bloomfield hospital. It is believed, however, that he knows something more about the case than he has yet disclosed, and he has accordingly been held in \$1,000 for a further examination, which is looked forward to with great interest by the excited people of Hardintown.

THE SECRET OUT.

What a Woman Saw Her Husband Do.
Conscience and His Cruelty Force Her
to Expose Him.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 13.—The suburban towns of West Kansas and Wyandotte have been in a state of great excitement to-day over the statement made this morning by Mrs. Irenda Moore before Judge Monroe. She came into court and stated that she wanted to lodge complaint against her husband, Samuel Moore, who, on or about the 15th day of last September, killed a man on the new iron bridge that crosses the Kaw river, near Wyandotte, and threw his body into the Kaw river. The woman told her story so straight that the judge issued the warrant, which was placed in the hands of Marshal Sheehan, who soon had the man under arrest and placed in the Kansas City lock-up.

A reporter hearing of the matter, soon sought out and found Mrs. Moore, who made the following statement:

My name is Irenda Moore, and I was married to my present husband, Samuel Moore, some eight years ago. Since we have been married we have lived in a number of places, but lately in Silver Lake, Ottawa, Lawrence and Kansas City, Kan. My husband is a very dissipated man, gambling and drinking up all he makes, I having to

EARN A LIVING

for us both most of the time. As near as I can remember, about the 15th of last September, while we were living in Kansas City, Kan., near the St. James restaurant, on James street, my husband and myself went down, which was only a few steps from our house, to a small fruit stand to make a purchase. While there three men came along, and one of them—a good-looking young man, with slight dark beard—bought a melon. In paying for it he pulled out a

LARGE ROLL OF BILLS,

took out the required amount in silver, gave it to the man at the stand, and taking the melon, he and his friends sat down on the sidewalk and commenced eating it. While they were doing this my husband said, "I am going to have that money." I said, "How?" He replied, "None of your business." Knowing something was wrong, I determined to watch him. Soon the three men got up, the one with the money going toward Wyandotte, the other two to Kansas City. My husband followed the man going to Wyandotte, and I followed him. When near the middle of the bridge I saw him from where I was standing, at the foot of the approach, scuffle with the man, and finally lift him up and

THROW HIM OVER

the rail into the Kaw river, on the south; I ran at once home, and had only been there a few moments when he came in; his hands were covered with blood, and so were his clothes; I asked him the cause, and he said, "I knocked down that chap, cut his throat, and threw him in the river," showing me at the time a ten dollar bill, and saying, "If you say a word I will serve you the same way." I was so terrified that I said nothing, but since that day I have led a dog's life, he threatening to

KILL ME CONTINUALLY.

About this time of the year he went to work for Edward Taylor, at Armstrong, chopping wood. He treated me so badly here that I left him about five weeks ago, and since then have been keeping boarders on Ninth street, West Kansas. But the past two weeks he has behaved so badly that I made up my mind my life was not safe and I would have him arrested. He

THREATENED MY LIFE

last night again. My name before I was married was Faulkner. I have brothers living at Solomon City.

The woman told her story in a straight manner, and is a quiet, respectable-looking woman about twenty-eight years of age. She was interviewed and questioned by the County Attorney, but told about the same story. Samuel Moore, the prisoner, was taken to Wyandotte and lodged in the county jail, where he was also interviewed by the reporter. He is a stout-built young man, with sandy mustache and imperial, curly hair and blue eyes, and breath smelling

STRONGLY OF BAD WHISKEY.

When asked what he knew about the matter he laughed loudly, declaring he knew nothing about it; that it was a put-up job on him by his wife, as he was working for Woods, the ice man, at the time, and most likely all the time she stated that he was out he was in bed. He seemed to think and take the whole matter as a joke, denying all and every connection with the matter. On seeing Mrs. Moore again, she stated she did not know who the man was that her husband killed, and had never seen him before.

JAMES A. GIBSON,

the County Attorney, has taken the matter under advisement. It will be remembered that about the time above mentioned (September 15) the GAZETTE had an item regarding blood being found on the bridge that crosses the Kaw, but the matter was taken no notice of, and the report was treated as a fabrication, but there is no doubt that many a murder has been committed on that bridge and that the bodies of the victims have been thrown into the river. That it is one of the most unsafe places to pass over after dark, or even in the daylight, it is well known. Also, that the mayor of Wyandotte, or the council there, have refused to appoint any police to protect this dangerous ground. The above story by Mrs. Moore is of such a highly sensational nature that the matter will be thoroughly investigated before the accused is released. It is received with credence in Wyandotte and West Kansas.

The trial of William Bucholz, charged with the murder of Mr. John Henry Schulte was begun in Bridgeport, Ct., February 17. This is his second trial, the jury on the former one having disagreed.

TRIBULATION.

An Unruly Tongue Gets Its Possessor Into a Shooting Match, From Which he Retires a Corpse.

MUCH-MARRIED WOODARD.

Africa's Female Brigands Tackle a Merchant and Rob Him of His Gold.

FIDDLER SWEET'S LAST TUNE.

BAD WHISKY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 12.—Near Douglas, Kan., an affray occurred to-day, resulting in the death of John Small and the serious stabbing of John Bush. Bad whisky and a dog-fight led to the trouble. Small was cut in the neck, severing the jugular vein. John A. Head, who did the cutting, is in custody.

HAWLEY'S ACT.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 15.—Cyrus T. Hawley, a prominent and wealthy citizen, shot himself in the head this afternoon, while alone in a room at his home. The wound is pronounced fatal, although at a late hour to-night he was still alive. Various rumors are afloat, but the family claim that the shooting was purely accidental.

SEDUCER FLED.

DAYTON, O., Feb. 15.—John Carney, charged with the seduction of his sister-in-law, a girl of feeble mind and an inmate of his household, fled the city last night, ostensibly bound for Savannah. Carney was a member of the Council from the Ninth Ward, and yardmaster of the Cleveland, Columbus and Indianapolis Railway in this city. He has hitherto borne an excellent reputation. His victim is in an interesting condition.

WILL TRAMP NO MORE.

CRESTLINE, Feb. 15.—James Wilson, a tramp, claiming to have come here from Chicago last August, and who murdered a farmer named G. W. Hite on the public highway two miles east of this place on the night of the 29th of that month, has been on trial for the past week for the murder, and was found guilty yesterday by the jury, after an absence of one hour, and Judge Beer sentenced him to be hung on the 10th of June next. Wilson is about twenty-seven years old, and of rather prepossessing appearance. He received his sentence with perfect indifference, and indulged in many profane and defiant utterances on being taken to his cell in jail.

WILL NEVER GET DRUNK AGAIN.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 12.—Holyoke people are somewhat excited over the supposed murder to-day of Thomas Hoar, an Irish laborer, thirty-five years old. He was found dead in the rear of the Central House, a South Holyoke saloon, with wounds on his head. A woman saw him dragged to the place where he lay, and Thomas F. Downing, the Central House barkeeper, a young fellow of twenty, has been arrested for the murder. He acknowledged putting Hoar out of the saloon, but says he was drunk and the wounds on his head were caused by falling on an iron railing in the saloon. Others say, however, that Downing brutally assaulted Hoar, who was intoxicated and quarrelsome. Hoar leaves a wife and three children.

A BASE CRIME.

CONCORD, N. C., Feb. 17.—Amos Sweet, known as the county fiddler, was killed in Springfield, near this place, to-night. It seems that early in the evening Sweet was engaged to play at a dance. At about 8 o'clock he got so full of whisky that he could not play in time and he was turned out and another fiddler put in his place. In a few minutes he returned and demanded his fiddle. He was hustled out of the ball-room, but came back again. He reeled against Bob Turnstill, a young swell, who was so aggravated that he took up the bass viol and dealt Sweet a blow over the head with it, crushing in his skull just above the ear, from the effects of which he died at 10 o'clock to-night. The room was crowded with dancers, and the dreadful affair broke up the ball. Turnstill has been arrested.

A DESPERADO KILLED.

LAKE CHARLES, La., Feb. 12.—Matt Woodleaf, the Texas desperado, gambler and murderer, the dread of Houston and South Texas, was killed here at 11 to-day. Many years ago Woodleaf shot and killed a man in Columbus, Texas, and afterwards became a desperate character. In 1878 he attacked and fought a street duel with Alexander Erickson, chief of police of Houston, Texas. About ten shots in all were fired with revolvers. Both men were shot down on Main street and lay within a few yards of each other. Woodleaf was shot in the hip and his hip-bone was broken by a ball, and Erickson was shot through the thigh and the bone broken. Both recovered, but were cripples. But few regret Woodleaf's taking off, as he was a terror in Texas, and, in fact, there is rejoicing that he was killed.

A SLANDERER SETTLED.

FORT GRIFFIN, Tex., Feb. 14.—A bloody tragedy occurred at Hensley's ranch, on Duck Creek, Kent

County, which seems to have originated in some loose talk about a lady, and the wife of one of the parties to the affair. J. N. Browning, brother of the County Attorney, armed with a gun and pistols, went to Hensley's house. It was before the household were up, and Browning, suddenly entering the room where Hensley and a man named Mears were asleep, cocked his gun in Hensley's face, and said: "John, I suppose you think me afraid of you?" Hensley said: "I don't know whether I do or not." Browning said: "I hear you have been talking about my wife Jennie?" Hensley answered: "I have but only told the truth." Hensley then reached for his gun, when Browning fired at his head but missed, and ran followed by Hensley. A duel with six-shooters ensued, resulting in Browning being carried off the field by his wife shot through and through.

BLACK FOOTPADS.

Thomas F. Phillips, a retired merchant, sixty years of age, and who had nearly lost the use of his left arm and leg by a stroke of paralysis, was garrotted on the 15th inst., while on his way home, by three colored women, in Thompson street. One threw her arm about his neck and held him so tightly that he was unable to speak, a second held her hand over his eyes, while the third searched his trousers pockets, robbing him of \$5 in change. Without reflecting on his danger Mr. Phillips followed them into a dark hallway, where they beat him in the face until the blood gushed from his mouth, then, dragging him into a back room, stole \$80 from his inside coat pocket and some valuable papers. They were in the act of taking a heavy gold chain when an alarm was given and the thieves fled. The police learned that the robbery was committed by three women just from Philadelphia, and they were subsequently arrested on a Jersey City ferry boat, having bought tickets to return to Philadelphia. They gave their names as Mary Vanderbeck, Elizabeth Wilson and Jane Henderson. The old gentleman identified the garroters.

AND STILL HE IS NOT HAPPY.

GALENA, Ill., Feb. 14.—The Grand Jury of Jo Daviess County returned a true bill of indictment to-day, against George Woodard, who is confined in jail here on a charge of bigamy. The accused has two wives living in this section—one in Rice, this county, and the other at Jamestown, Wis. A third wife resides at Grand Rapids, Mich., and a fourth, it is claimed, at or near Cincinnati. He is about forty years old, and not all prepossessing in looks. On the day of the Grant reception in Galena, Woodard was confronted on Main street, in this city, while walking with the lady from Rice, whom he had married a few weeks before, by his Wisconsin wife and her child, of which Woodard was the father. A scene ensued, during which the accused took advantage of the crowd, and succeeded in getting away from the two women. He was apprehended a few days thereafter by the officers, and was examined before a Justice, and lodged in jail in default of \$2,000 bail. On the examination both of his wives appeared as witnesses against him. He made an unsuccessful attempt to play the insanity dodge a short time ago in order to secure his release from jail.

ROBBED BY ROUGHS.

MIDDLEPORT, O., Feb. 12.—During a heavy rain last night, between 8 and 9 o'clock, just after H. L. Kohler, a jeweler of this place, had pulled down his blinds and locked the store door, three men rapped for admission. Kohler opened the door and they walked in and commenced prying different articles, among other things a clock that stood on a shelf outside of the counter, which they wished to inspect. Kohler was proceeding to show the merits of the clock when the ruffians seized him roughly and threw him to the floor. They then tied a towel over his mouth, placed a pistol to his head, and told him to open a large vault, formerly used by the bank of Middleport. He did so, under threats of death. The thieves secured six gold watches from among the jewelry. In a private drawer Kohler had placed a package containing \$4,210, for David McElhinny, for safekeeping, some weeks ago. This drawer he was forced to open, when the money was taken out by the roughts. They then departed, leaving Kohler in the store-room with his mouth bound and his hands free, locking the door after them. Kohler got out the back way, and called a man passing by to untie the towel, which subsequently proved to be one of his own. The alarm was then given, but no clue has been had of the thieves. This afternoon a pocketbook was found near the river bank containing a note for \$2,500, which was among the money taken. The men had smutty faces, and had the appearance of coal-diggers.

THE GALLOW'S CHEATED.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 15.—Frank Dillingham, the murderer, of whom an account was published in last week's GAZETTE, died this forenoon from the effect of the pistol shot wound in his head inflicted by himself immediately after killing his aunt. It appears that, at the conclusion of his arraignment Saturday, and following the interview with his counsel, his mental condition began to be greatly disturbed, his whole demeanor changing, and then, if never before, he apparently realized the enormity of his crime. At the close of the consultation with Messrs. Frink and Page, he asked Sheriff Kent to take him back to his cell, where, throwing himself on his cot, he thrashed about apparently greatly excited and in much agony of mind, though saying nothing. This continued until 7 o'clock in the evening, when, from apparent exhaustion, he fell asleep, remaining perfectly quiet thereafter. About 10 o'clock that night the prisoner's two attendants, who had kept alternate watch by him, noticed that, as he lay on his left side, he began to choke, his countenance suddenly taking on a deathly pallor, and his generally altered condition causing the impression that he was dying. In trying to change his position they found him to be a perfectly dead weight and apparently lifeless, whereupon Sheriff Kent was sent for, as also Dr. Hall, the attending physician. On the latter's arrival he pronounced the murderer beyond help, and, at eight minutes past 10 this forenoon, Dillingham died without making a sign.

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

A Crime Unparalleled in Brutality—Fearful Spectacle of Human Wickedness—A Little Boy's Awful Vigil.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 18.—This county has been made the seat of one of the most terrible crimes on record, the details of which are sufficient to make the blood chill and the flesh creep in absolute horror. The crime was discovered yesterday in the small village of Bainbridge, this county, and the victims were found in the small rickety, tumble-down shanty occupied by a young giant named Charles Lane, his wife and two children. Lane came to that section of this county from Maryland several years ago, and proved to be an indolent fellow fond of rum. His life was without an aim, apparently, and he had no steady employment although he was a stalwart man and stood six feet three inches tall and was correspondingly well developed in body and limbs. His wife was a gentle being, fair haired, modest and reserved, and it was frequently alleged that when she married Lane she ran away from home with him and that the elopement created quite a talk in the section of Maryland they hailed from. They had rather a hard time of it in Bainbridge; Lane spent considerable of his small earnings for rum and, soon it was that he manifested the first feelings of

JEALOUSY TOWARDS HIS WIFE.

Last Thursday the neighbors saw Lane for the last time, but prior to that none of the other members of the family had been noticed either on the street or about the yard. Lane, however, was seen Thursday afternoon. Friday, Saturday and Sunday passed and the shanty remained closed. Then it was that some of the neighbors became suspicious that something was wrong. They informed the officers of all the facts, who, upon due consideration, determined to open the doors and investigate matters.

Ex-Sheriff Smith led the party, and when they entered Lane's house they saw a most horrifying sight. It was certainly the most terrible picture the eyes of mortal man can be called to look upon. The house was cold, damp and cheerless. On a narrow little bed lay four bodies—Lane, his wife, a little girl six years old, and a little infant. All were cold in the embrace of death. On a stool near the bed sat their little boy, unable to move. He was nearly dead with cold and starvation. Very gently he looked upon the visitors, and as they stood nearly riveted to the spot in fear and trembling, the little one said, "Hush, don't make noise to wake papa; if you do, he will whip me." There the little boy had sat, God only knows how long, watching and waiting for his dead papa to arise and give it food and fire. The men picked up the little one, and to their surprise and horror they found that both of its legs were frozen black from the feet to its knees. The child was weak, emaciated and almost pulseless. It fainted and swooned, and it was borne away in the strong arms of one of the men who wrapped it in his overcoat and carried it to a near neighbor's, where the women folks nursed it.

BACK INTO LIFE AGAIN.

On the bed in the shanty the picture was fearful in the extreme. The giant lay stiff and stretched his full length. The wife's neck appeared to be broken, her head was smashed and her body in its loose night-dress had commenced to decompose. A fearful stench pervaded the room, enough to stiffen the child that had kept its weary watch all those lonely, terrible hours. The dead infant lay near its mother. Its thin arms were quite stiff, and in its little fingers, that were clenched and stiff, were hairs that the infant had in all probability pulled from the head of its dead mother while the child was in the death agonies of starvation. It was only three months old, yet its face showed that its death must have been an awful one. Near by was the body of the other child, cold in death, with its neck apparently twisted and broken. Strong men became weak, pale and trembling in the presence of such an awful sight. The bodies were left lying just as they were discovered and a deputy coroner was sent for. Deputy C. S. Erb summoned a jury of men of that neighborhood and they proceeded to view the bodies of the dead.

The following facts were then developed:—The left front of the face and nose of Mrs. Lane were smashed and her neck broken. The infant was dead in her arms, but no marks of violence were found on its body. It held, grasped in its hand, some of its mother's hair. The little girl was lying dead on her bed, with

HER NECK BROKEN.

and it is believed poison had been administered to her. The little boy sat beside her, still living, when the door was forced open.

Mr. Lane was lying dead beside his wife, and every indication pointed to the fact that he had taken poison and also given it to his little daughter. The boy was probably spared, as he was known to be a great favorite of his father. The ages of the victims are as follows: Charles Lane, twenty-four years; Mrs. Mary Lane, thirty-two years; Jane Lane, six years; the infant, three months. The boy, George Lane, is three years old. His feet are badly frozen, and his recovery is considered doubtful. Doctor Weseman made a post-mortem examination, and the jury returned the following verdict:

"That the wife was murdered by Charles Lane, and that Charles Lane then administered poison to his daughter and to himself."

The family was seen for the last time alive on Thursday afternoon. They removed to Bainbridge from Maryland in May last. They were in destitute circumstances, but the lack of judgment in house-keeping, in the opinion of the neighbors, seems to have been the cause of their poverty. He told Peter Hackenberger last week that "there will something wonderful happen soon," but nothing serious was apprehended at the time.

Lane had no trade, but occasionally earned a little money by odd jobs of labor, spending most of his earnings for liquor. He was a

COARSE, RUFLIANLY FELLOW.

abusive to his family and a terror to his neighbors.

A day or two after the November election he sold what little furniture and household goods he had, and said he was going west. He at once left Bainbridge, taking his family along. In about two weeks afterwards his family returned and were several days without a home. Lane arrived soon afterwards and took his family into the shanty in which the tragedy occurred. During the winter they have been supported partly by charity and partly by purchases made by Lane at the stores on credit. The store-keepers were afraid of him and let him have necessities for his family without money. It is said the family did not suffer for food or fuel. On Thursday before noon a little daughter of one of the villagers, whose mother had borrowed a smoothing iron from Mrs. Lane, went to Lane's house to return the iron. Finding the front door locked, she went around to the back door, which was unlocked, and left the iron. On returning home she told her mother that all the family were "sleeping in the daytime" except Lane, who was sitting on a chair. The child's statement would seem to confirm the opinion of the doctor that the wife and child had been killed as early as Monday, and that Lane had not committed suicide until Thursday.

No deadly weapon of any kind was found about the premises, but blood stains were found upon the rail bedstead. It is believed that Lane, on Monday night, quarreled with his wife and drove her out into the yard, or that she ran into the yard to escape him, as there were evidences that she had been in the yard. It is supposed that he

DROGGED HER BACK.

into the house, dashed her against the bedstead until her neck was broken and her skull fractured, and then threw her upon the bed and killed the five-year-old child to prevent its giving an alarm. There was no marks of violence on the body of this child except the broken neck, and it appeared to have been dislocated by being seized in a powerful grasp and twisted out of place.

The four dead bodies were interred at once, it being impossible to keep them longer on account of the rapid decomposition. The doctor retained the stomach of the murderer for further analysis, should this be found necessary.

The three-year-old child is in a most pitiable condition, its lower limbs being so dreadfully frozen that they have turned black, and blood does not circulate through them, and they will probably have to be amputated to save the child's life—and it is doubtful whether the child's life can be saved even by this terrible remedy.

Lane told a number of persons at different times that his wife had rich relations, but he did not tell them who they were or what his wife's name was. It is also said that he has a brother residing in or near Youtztown, this county. Efforts are being made by Squire Erb, to find the relations of the unfortunate woman and children. Meantime the good people of Bainbridge are bestowing all possible attention on the only surviving child of the family.

The murderer and suicide left behind him nothing to indicate the cause of his terrible crime. Some think it may have been on account of his extreme destitution but if this were so, would he not have killed outright the whole family, and have left the babe to starve to death and the three-year-old boy to almost perish with cold?

There seems to be more of a mystery connected with the tragedy than are explained by the facts furnished thus far. It seems incredible that a whole family should be driven to desperation in a neighborhood of liberality and plenty. It is said that his wife belonged to a wealthy family of social position in Maryland, and her elopement was under peculiar circumstances, into which inquiry is now being made.

"Sophs" and "Freshs" Exchange Compliments.

[Subject of Illustration.]

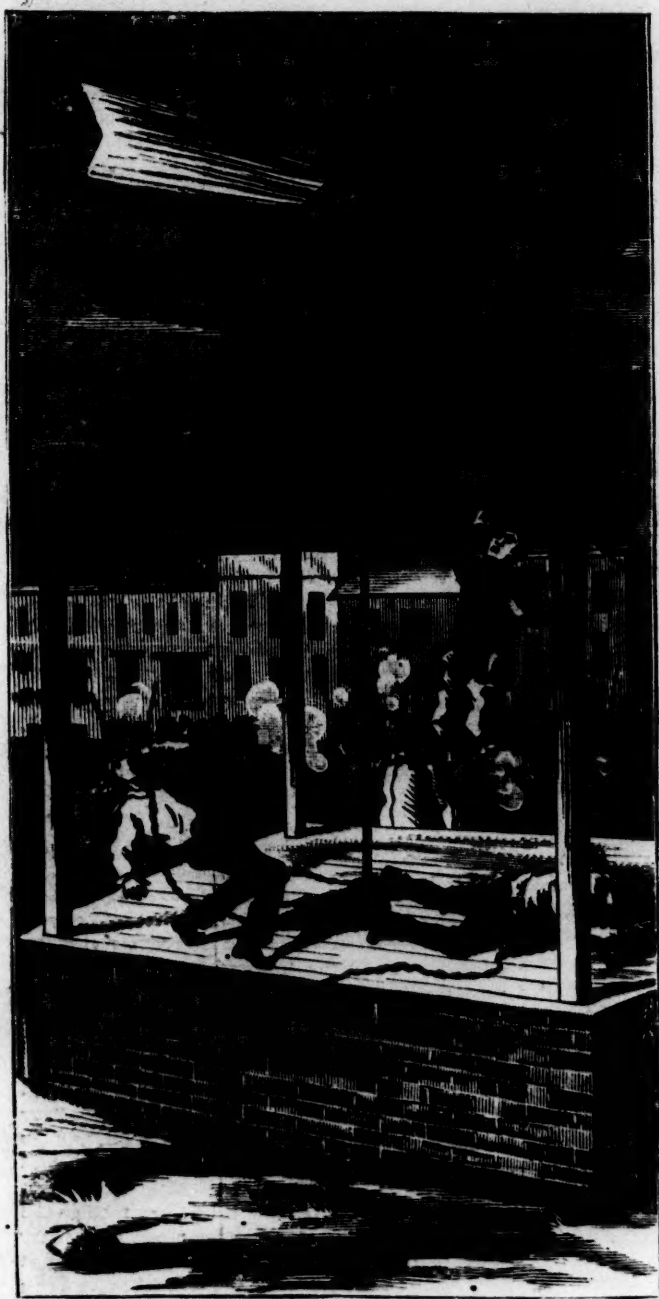
EASTON, Pa., Feb. 12.—About eight o'clock last night the freshmen of Lafayette College started from the college grounds to march to the Lehigh Valley Depot to take a train for Bethlehem, where they were to hold a class supper. They had a brass band at the head of the procession, and all went well until the class reached the foot of the hill below the college, when they were surprised to find the sophomores in waiting for them, with tin horns and drums. The sophomores took position in line at the head of the procession and marched in this manner all the way from College Hill to the Lehigh bridge. They raised such a din with their drums, horns and shouts that the music of the band was completely drowned. The citizens, hearing the noise, flocked to Third street, and hundreds of boys ran screaming and shouting after the procession, adding still more to the noise. Such shouting, blowing of horns and yelling on the part of the students has not been heard in Easton since the college opened. At the Lehigh bridge the freshmen, who were in the rear, made a dash forward and tried to pass the sophomores, whereupon there was a grand fight. The tin horns of the sophomores and the canes carried by the freshmen met in frequent blows, and the latter were seized and broken whenever opportunity offered. The freshmen were beaten back and the procession moved to the other side of the bridge. Here the sophomores took possession of the flight of stairs leading up to a platform which extends from this point to the depot and refused to allow the freshmen to pass if they had any canes. The freshmen made a rush forward, but the sophomores had the advantage and their wall was as solid as stone. The freshmen, finding their efforts ineffectual, started along the carriage road to the depot and then the sophomores made a rush for them to beat them back. The freshmen dropped their canes in many instances and went in for a free fight. They struck right and left, and to such purpose that the sophomores were driven back and the road left clear to the freshmen. Bloody noses, torn clothing, soiled linen, smashed-in high hats and mud-covered faces ruled supreme. The freshmen gave a cheer and then rushed for their train, which they caught just in time. The two classes number about 160 and are divided about equally.

A Singular Premonition.

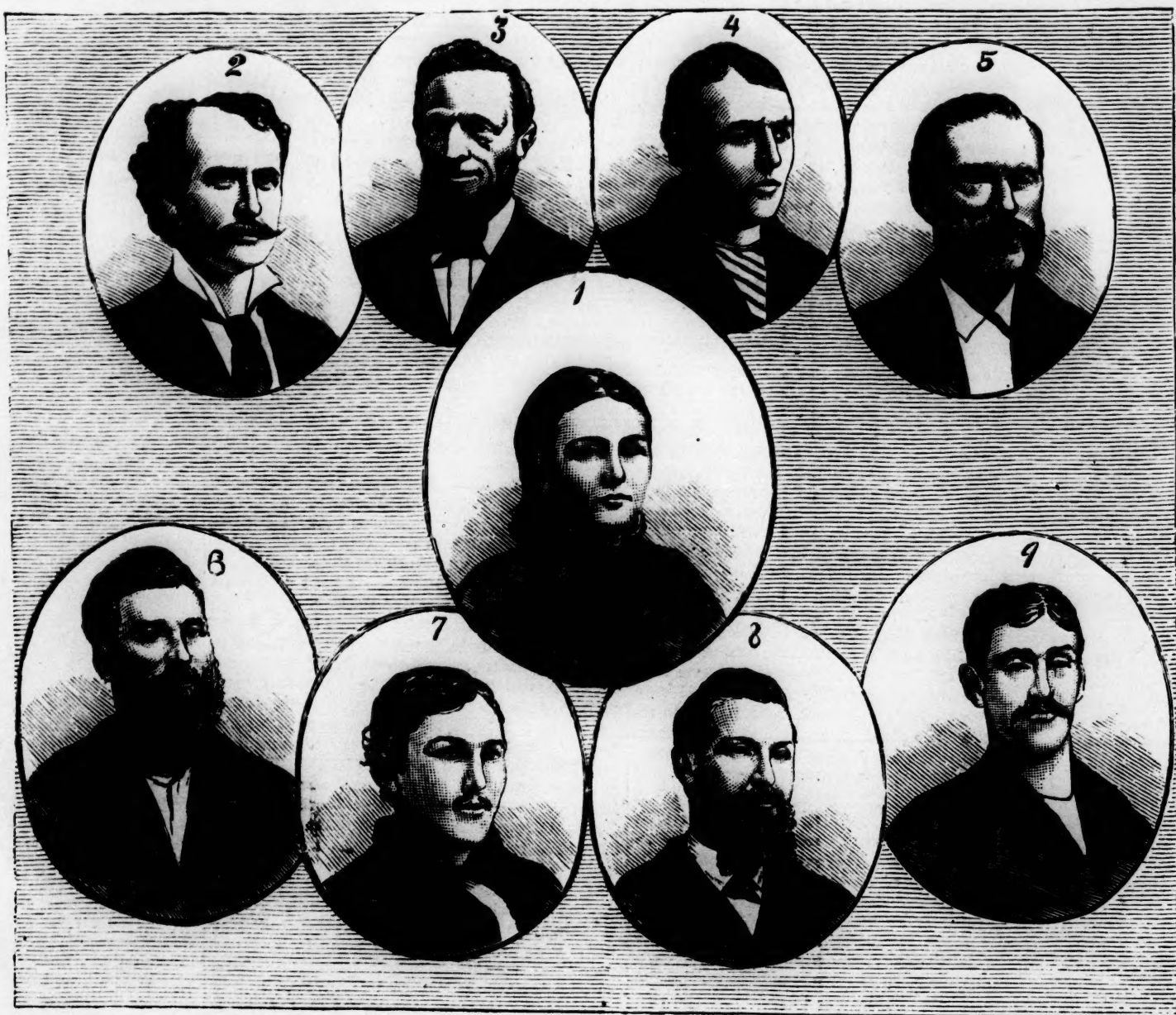
The Port Byron, N. Y., *Chronicle* relates a singular premonition of death of George Edson, of Seneca Falls. He had been visiting his uncle in Port Byron. He arose in his usual good health, and during the morning he took a gold ring from his finger, and handing it to his sister-in-law, said: "Kate, take this ring, and always keep it as a memento of me; it is the last gift you will receive from me, for I am going to die today." She tried to laugh him out of this fancy, as she thought it, but was unable to do so. By his request she accompanied him to the village post-office to see one of his most intimate friends, to whom he broke the sad news and with tears in his eyes bade him good-bye and a last fare well. He then visited each person he wished to act as pall bearers, and received his promise to act as such at the funeral. He also visited the members of the band to which he belonged and requested them to attend his funeral in a body. He then returned home and made an urgent request for his brother to come home early in the afternoon, as he wished to talk with him. During the afternoon he gave his brother full instructions as to the disposition of worldly goods and the necessary arrangements for his funeral. About sundown the same day he was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs and at 10 o'clock the next morning he was a corpse.

The Epileptic "Capah."

The thieves of the Tenth and Thirteenth precincts of this city have lately been having a fine time, and a number of the saloon keepers who



AVENGING MARSHAL JOE CARSON'S DEATH—HIS ASSASSINS ARE TAKEN FROM THE JAIL BY A MOB OF LYNCHERS, AND STRUNG UP BY THE NECK ON THE TOWN PLAZA; LAS VEGAS, N. M.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 4.]



THE LOOMIS GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS RECENTLY UNEARTHED AT OSWEGO, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 2.

1—Ida Ingersoll. 2—Fleet Smith. 3—Thomas Jefferson Towles. 4—Neva Ingersoll. 5—Sylvanus Renolds. 6—Lewis Mathews. 7—Fred Ingersoll. 8—Frank Gibson. 9—William Renolds.

so multitudinous flourish in that region have been tearing their hair and bewailing the untimely departure of sundry boxes of cigars, bottles of brandy and wine and dollars in small change. The enterprising burglars started out on a marauding expedition each morning last week during the "wee sma' hours," and armed with "jimmies" and skeleton keys and much coolness and daring, they managed in several instances to collect a very respectable booty, though once or twice they were compelled, reluctantly, to retire without any reward for their skill and energy. A reporter spent an hour yesterday listening to the tales of some of the victims of this unwonted activity, and found in them many features of interest. By far the most remarkable story, however, related to a sneak robbery. It was told by Philip Eckstein, a thriving German who dispenses the foaming beverage among his thirsty compatriots from behind a modest counter in a very modest saloon on the corner of Clinton and Delancey streets. The ordinary run of customers are of a class corresponding to the modesty of the establishment; still, when two

WELL-DRESSED STRANGERS

seated themselves at one of the tables at about 8 o'clock Tuesday evening and commenced the discussion of two lagers, two cigars and one apparently interesting topic of conversation no particular comment was excited. The other customers continued to smoke and play dominoes, Frau Eckstein continued to knit, and the proprietor awaited the orders of his guests in a semi-somnolent condition. The advent of two more well-dressed strangers—hoary reprobates, as it turned out, with gray beards—also failed to excite suspicion; nor was there anything very remarkable in the fact that a tall man with preternaturally long arms came in and stood by the counter to drink a glass of beer. Nevertheless the advent of the far-reaching customer completed a company whose subsequent operations bore a striking resemblance to those of the gang that visited the Cafe de Paris on Thursday.

Although the police profess to think otherwise, there seems to be some reason to believe that the two parties were, in fact, the same, as the strategem resorted to in the two instances was the same, and it is believed that the success which they scored at Mr. Eckstein's expense encouraged them to repeat the experiment in a region where they hoped their plan would not have been heard of. On Tuesday evening, as soon as the long armed man had fairly established himself at Mr. Eckstein's bar, the younger of the first couple who entered began to show signs of serious illness. He became pale and limp, and before his companion could run to his assistance he fell to the floor.

WRITHING AND KICKING AND FOAMING

at the mouth, with eyes rolling wildly and every sign of a strong epileptic fit. Instantly all the bystanders ran to his aid. He was lifted up and the proprietor tried to open his clenched hands, while his kind-hearted wife hastened to her room to seek some homely remedy. In a moment the sufferer was better and was taken outside by his friend, and the two venerable gentlemen followed—the man with the long arms had already disappeared. Eckstein again retired behind his counter, only to find that during the commotion the last comer had used his long arms to reach the money drawer, and abstract therefrom the sum of \$40 "good and lawful money of these United States." To say that Philip indulged in much German profanity, that his wife shed tears of chagrin, or that his friends consumed many sympathetic glasses of lager is unnecessary, more so to record that he reported the affair to the police, most of all to say that the thieves and the \$40 remain undiscovered.

Why He Groaned.

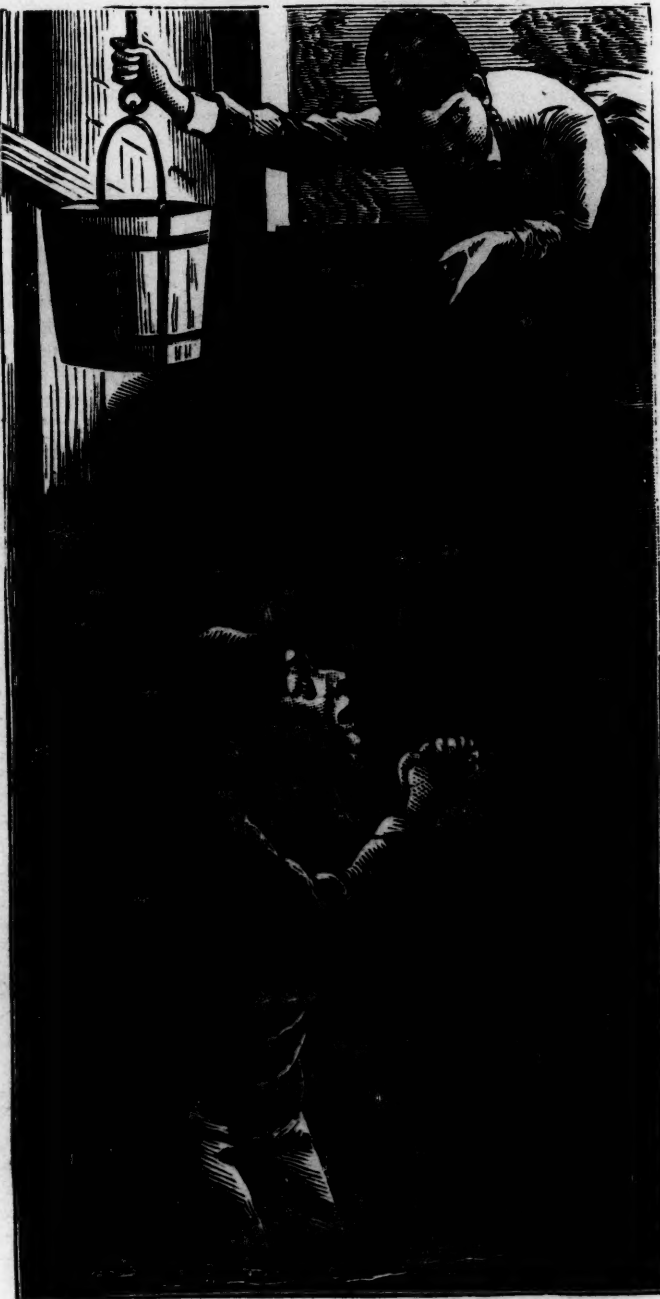
VICKSBURG, Miss., Feb. 15.—In this country, no matter where, reside two lawyers, no matter whom. Suffice to say these lawyers are young, genial, and deep in legal lore, and as such are occasionally sought after in criminal cases of small import. A very short time ago, no matter when, professional duties called them before a certain justice of the

peace in the county. One was to prosecute and the other defend. The case was conducted with skill and ability, and the court unaccustomed to such, beamed with deep admiration upon the young lawyers and was happy. The time arrived for the prosecuting attorney to deliver his speech, and he waxed eloquent on the subject of carrying concealed weapons, and made moving appeals in the name of the law that visibly affected the court, who wept much and mentally vowed vengeance against the culprit. All at once, however, and from some unaccountable cause, his eloquence suddenly ceased. His left leg seemed to be troubling him beyond measure, and he affectionately grasped it with both hands and groaned dimly as he cast an appealing look toward the door, as if he desired above all earthly things to be on the outside. All at once the mystery was cleared up. An innocent revolver serenely glided out of the pants leg on the floor. The young attorney was incontinently flooded, and the court, who had been revolving in his mind the propriety of sending for all the doctors in the neighborhood, was astonished—wiped his eyes and shem'd ominously. The young attorney was unable to offer any excuse, and the court promptly fined him \$25 and cost, and hereafter he will be more careful.

Turning the Tables.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Hyde of Virginia believes in biting off his nose to spite his face. At least he has gone through life on that plan, and never has learned the folly of such a method of revenge. Recently he tried it with un-



HUBBY HYDE ATTEMPTS A LITTLE STRATEGY TO FRIGHTEN HIS WIFE INTO ECONOMICAL HABITS, AND IS HELD A PRISONER BY HER UNTIL HE GRANTS HER MEANS TO ACT AS SHE PLEASES.

favorable results. Mrs. Hyde had been spending more money than the old man thought consistent with domestic economy, and he concluded to scare her into more frugal notions by simulating suicide. Accordingly he jumped into the well, the inference being that her extravagance had rendered life worthless and burdensome to him. Unfortunately for the old gentleman his wife was not of the kind to be frightened by any such tricks, and she compelled him to stand in three feet of ice-cold water until he agreed to deed her the whole farm. Mrs. Hyde now gratifies her money-spending proclivities to their full extent, and presumably don't care a rush how soon Mr. Hyde attempts and succeeds in disposing of himself.

An Actress' Tumble.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A serious accident occurred to Fraulein Ida von Trautmann, the actress, at the Thalia Theatre, on the evening of February 14. Some time previous to the ringing up of the curtain on the play of "Kaetchen von Heilbronn," every seat in the house was occupied and standing room was even difficult to obtain. The occasion was the benefit of Fraulein Trautmann. All went well until the end of the third act, when the beneficiary, who enacted Kaetchen, had to cling to a cross mounted on a bridge in the centre of the stage and at an elevation of somewhat over twenty feet. The bridge was to fall to pieces, and Kaetchen, still clinging to the cross, was to sink in the stream below. Instead of this, however, a faint quivering of the set scene was perceptible to those standing in the wings. The cross was seen to suddenly give way and the unfortunate actress fell head foremost into the debris on the stage. The audience, imagining that the lady had only played her part, were amazed at what they supposed to be a daring feat, and applauded to the echo. Meanwhile Mr. Schoenfeld and Mr. Dombrowsky had rushed to the scene of the disaster and bore the unconscious actress to the green-room. On regaining her senses she found Dr. Hermann, of Vienna, who happened to be in the audience, at her side. He at once applied restoratives, and examining her injuries as minutely as possible, found that the left arm, which hung lifeless by her side, was badly bruised and much swollen all around the elbow. The right arm had escaped with less injury, but was also in a crippled state, and the patient complained of intense pain in the back. Mr. Dombrowsky went before the curtain, and, explaining to the house that an accident had befallen Fraulein Trautmann, asked their indulgence for a few minutes. He was about to retire when a scene of intense excitement followed—huge bouquets, wreaths with divers colored satins flowing from them and baskets of flowers were showered upon the stage, and many ladies even plucked their little nosegays from their breasts and themselves threw these emblems of affection at his feet, shouting "Give her a bed of flowers."

When the curtain rose on the fourth act it was a matter of grave doubt whether she would be able to



FRAULEIN IDA VON TRAUTMANN, AN ACTRESS IN THE THALIA THEATER, RECEIVES A TERRIBLE FALL, WHILE PERFORMING AT HER BENEFIT IN THAT PLACE; NEW YORK CITY.

appear again, but fortunately her presence was not required until the second scene, and thus she had a little time for rest. The plucky lady, notwithstanding the doctor's advice, determined to go through to the end of the performance, and in the second scene came on to the stage with her left arm bound up and resting in a sling. Her presence was the signal for tumultuous applause, and it was many minutes before the play could proceed. When quiet was restored the actress with the greatest courage carried out her part to the end.

Raising the Dead.

RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 13.—About six weeks ago the ghouls did such a wholesale business in the removal of dead bodies from one of the principal cemeteries here and shipping them north that the matter came to the attention of the authorities, and investigation developed the fact that nineteen had been disinterred and shipped in one month. So much noise was made about the matter that the city authorities removed the keeper of the cemetery and placed a guard around the burial-ground. This, it was thought, would drive the marauders away. This morning about 3 o'clock the night watchman at Oakwood suddenly came upon a party of five persons engaged in robbing a grave in the paupers' section. One of the robbers ordered the watchman to halt, but instead of complying he brought his musket to bear upon the ghouls. A general fight ensued, in which the robbers were driven off, after one of their party had been wounded. His companions succeeded in carrying him off. It is believed that a systematic business is being carried on here, and bodies are regularly shipped to northern and western colleges.

Only a Trifle.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Feb. 10.—Last night Frank Watson, living near the cranberry marsh, in this county, had a row with the Lytle family. He first beat the old lady, who is his mother-in-law, and after whaling another female relative, he cleaned out the brothers-in-law and rode away. He was overtaken by two of the Lytles, knocked off his horse with a dornick, and beaten and stabbed so that the doctors say he cannot live till morning. The trouble was about a horse trade. There have been no arrests.

COLUMBIA, Tenn., Feb. 12.—As Mit Carter came out of Rushton & Co.'s store-house on the public square yesterday, he was met Hal Holcomb, who knocked him down with his fist. Carter arose, and Holcomb was in the act of striking the second blow, when Carter shot him below the left eye, killing him almost instantly. The origin of the altercation seemed to be that Carter, who is a young widower, wanted to marry Mrs. Davis, the widowed daughter of deceased, who forbade the match, and ordered Carter to leave town within a certain time or he would kill him.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE WHILE ON THEIR WAY TO A RECEPTION AT RIDEAU HALL ARE CAPSIZED BY A RUNAWAY TEAM, AND NARROWLY ESCAPE A FEARFUL DEATH; OTTAWA, CANADA.—SEE PAGE 2.

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of
New York's Gas-Lit Life.

WHAT A HACKMAN SEES.

The Beautiful Girl Who
Had No Friends.

DRIVING A CORPSE.

How the Cabman Became the Champion
of Virtue—Screams for Assistance.

THE MURDER IN GRAND STREET.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

I know a very nice fellow who drives a hack for a living. It is his own vehicle, and he naturally takes a pride in it, as he does in his horses, which are always neatly groomed.

It is his own choice that he works at night instead of daytime. He is something of a student of human character like myself, and he avers that the pursuit of the occupation is much more entertaining at night than in the garish, vulgar day.

And then again he makes more. There is always some eccentricity about people who take carriages after midnight, which is just as apt to find expression in a liberal system of payment as in any other manner.

I must be very careful to explain that my hackman, with whom I have just had a long talk, must not be confounded with those respectable fellows who stand in with burglars. He is an honest whip, and during all the time that I have known and hired him I have detected nothing wrong in his character. I first made his acquaintance when there was an all-night eating and drinking saloon in the basement at Clinton place and Broadway. His hack stood outside.

He knows all about the disreputable members of his fraternity, however, and has told me many a story of their collusion with thieves. The burglar has frequently escaped owing to a hack being in a dark alley ready for him to jump into and bid defiance to the pursuing police. There was a case about two years ago where a robber got away successfully with his swag owing to fleet horses, and amused himself furthermore by firing a revolver through the back window at the policeman.

The Jehu of my acquaintance haunts the railroad ferries, and generally gets a fare. One of the most mysterious that he ever had he picked up at Desbrosses street at 4 o'clock in the morning. She was a young girl from Philadelphia who took his carriage and told him to drive anywhere until daybreak. She had no baggage.

"But it is cold and damp, Miss. Had you not better stop at a hotel, or with some friends?" I asked her.

"She looked at me sadly—my eye, but she was pretty—and said: 'I have no friends. Drive till the sun rises. I will pay you.'

"So I did. I remember that it was down near the Battery I had gotten to by sun-up. It was a spring morning and the birds were singing, while the waves in the bay had just begun to glisten. I got down and looked in. She was dead! stone dead, with the revolver still in her hand and a purplish hole in her temple. She had so arranged a shawl and her handkerchief that the blood had not soiled my carriage a bit. If it had I would not have been ruined, for she had pinned a \$50 note to the lace of the coach, with a pencilled line on a piece of paper, saying it was for me."

"And what did you do?"

"I drove her to the Morgue, wondering all the while how I never heard the report of the revolver. She must have done it during the clatter made by some market wagons from Long Island that I got mixed up with. After leaving the body I informed the police. Nothing was found upon her, and the chief of police in Philadelphia could get no trace. They buried her up the river."

Cabby tells curious tales about the balls at the Academy. He says that he is frequently told by the gentleman, after the lady is assisted into the vehicle, to drive up to Central Park at a walk. He has then been requested to drive to High Bridge, or anywhere else. Sometimes on these occasions the most violent scenes take place, and one night the woman screamed to him for assistance. It was at a lonely place on the Kingsbridge road, and about 3 A. M. He halted his horses, jumped down and opened the door, the young woman, who was costumed as a page beneath a pink domino and mask, springing out almost into his arms, begging him to protect her.

"That I certainly would. I then asked what was the matter, but got no satisfaction. She cried and he laughed. It was easy to surmise, however. I ordered him from the carriage, and then put her back, she telling me where to go. I left him standing in the road in his full dress suit, calmly smoking a cigarette! The lady lived in a swell house near the Windsor. She made me come around the next day and gave me \$10, although I had been paid for the night's work by the Lotherio in the dress suit."

"Have you never gotten in trouble about these mysterious night fares?"

"Once only. A young man picked me up on Broadway and took me way over to Hoboken. We stopped at a house from which a young woman, all muffled up, and so weak that she had to be carried, was brought out. I suspected something wrong then, but I was younger than I am now and the night was wasted, and I resolved to stick it out. They had me drive to a place in Grand street—a disreputable-looking house, with a light burning in the second-story window. I got a glimpse of the young woman's face as the young man and an old lady helped her out. It was pale as death. She turned her head, and seemed to look right at me as if asking for aid. An old wretch in a skull-cap came to the door with a lamp."

"It was an abortion case, of course. The girl died, and when they advertised for the hackman I drove down and gave myself up. I believe that the old man got ten years. The young one jumped the town, and I never heard of his again."

He told me a great many more curious things; how an gray-bearded man took him at Courtlandt street ferry once, and it was a young, smooth-faced fellow who got out at the Grand Central Depot, where he had been told to go.

On another occasion a veiled lady, carrying a baby, hired him to catch the midnight Washington express. He caught it, but when he opened the door the woman was missing, and the baby, tucked up in a corner, was all that remained. He turned it over to the police. The woman must have jumped out while he was going at full speed. In the case of the old man, my cabby thinks he was a criminal, fleeing from justice, who used the cab as a dressing-room in which to remove his disguise.

TACKLING THE WRONG TOM CAT.

A man he owned a terrier dog—

A bob-tailed, onery cuss,
And that there purp got that there man
In many an ugly muss:
For the man was on his muscle,
And the dog was on his bite,
So to kick that dog-gone animal
Was sure to raise a fight.

A woman owned a Thomas cat

That fit at fifteen pounds,

And other cats got up and slid

When that there cat was round.

The man and his dog came along one day.

Where the woman she did dwell,

And the purp he growled ferociously,

Then went for that cat pell-mell.

He tried to chaw the neck of the cat,

But the cat he wouldn't be chawed;

So he lit on the back of that there dog

And bit! and clawed! and clawed!

Oh! the hair it flew! and the purp he yowled!

As the caws went into his hide,

And chunks of flesh were peeled from his side:

Then he flumixed, and kicked and diked!

The man he ripped, and cursed and swore

As he gathered a big brick-bat,

That he be durned essentially

If he didn't kill that cat!

But the old woman said she'd be blessed if he did,

And snatched up an old shot-gun,

Which she fired, and peppered his diaphragm

With bird shot number one.

They toted him home on a window blind,

And the doctor cured him up;

But he was never known to fight again,

Or own another purp.

Folks may turn up their snouts at this here rhyme;

I don't care a cuss for that!

All I want to show is, that fighting dogs

May tackle the wrong Tom cat.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SEASONING.

GIVE a girl long eyelashes and small hands, and she will put up with number six feet and marry all around a curly-headed girl wearing ones and a half.

TALK of Everts' long sentences! A man in town who stutters got the fever and ague, and it took him twelve hours to say, "Hand me down some of that New Jersey Dead Shot."

"If Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud mouthed fellow on a street corner, "he will just have his hands full." The crowd looked at the man's ears and thought so too.

THE Indian Chief Ouray took his wife to see the "Black Crook" in Washington, and she is said to be now practicing the art of high kicking. This will be better than scalp-raising.

A BALLET girl writing to a London journal, says that she is aware that "actresses never get beyond the outskirts of fashionable society." The fact is ballet girls never get beyond the shortskirts of society.

A SPUNKY young lady at Vassar

Was hailed in the streets by a chasseur:

She flung a brick-bat

Which upset him, and that

Was the last time he wanted to sass her.

At a christening, while the minister was making his certificate, he inquired the day of the month and happened to say: "Let me see, this is the thirtieth." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother. "Indeed, but it's only the nineteenth."

LADIES, do you know how awfully ridiculous you look with those bustles behind you?—Old Buckeye Paraphraser. See here, you old growler, have you ever thought how much more ridiculous they would look in front? Leave 'em where they are.—Nauvoo Enterprise.

"SEE that my grave's kept green," he warbled, under the window of his fair one's domicile, one pleasant night. "I'll tend to the grave business, young man," shouted her enraged paternal ancestor, as he poked an old musket out of the second story window. No more concert that evening.

A MARRIED man at Georgetown, while going into the cellar to split kindling wood, fell and broke his neck. He doesn't deserve a particle of sympathy. If his wife was too sick to perform her own work, why didn't he take his own meals at the hotel and leave the fires for her to build when she got well?

A VERY beautiful young lady was hurrying through the streets of Baltimore, turned, and in pathetic accents, asked a gentleman walking beside her to knock a pick-pocket down who was following her. The gentleman obligingly complied. As soon as she saw the fight fairly begun, she chuckled gayly and skipped away. The man knocked down was her husband.

"COME to this bosom my onliest only dear," he gently murmured. And when she spit on her hands and made a running jump for him, remarking in her flight, "You may just bet your sweet life I'm thar, old boss," he concluded it must be the new hired girl, instead of his Clarissa Maria whom he had met in the dimly lighted hall, and he hastily got behind the sofa till the storm blew over.

"If you was a decent person," remarked a shrill female voice on the railway, "you'd shut down the window and not expose me to the draft." "Madame," was the reply, as the window was softly lowered, "I thought from your face you were over forty-five, and therefore out of the draft." And notwithstanding the fact that this wretch was on the train the cars did not run off the track or the locomotive burst its boiler.

AFTER the circus parade two small boys met on the street. One of them, his face glowing with excitement, said, "O, Johnny, did you see that fellow with a snake around his neck?" No word from Johnny. "Yer seen the man in the lion's cage, uncouse?" No word or sign from Johnny, save and except a cloud upon his brow. "Well, yer seen the ponies with the red blankets on, didn't yer?" "Naw an' I didn't," said Johnny at last, bursting into tears. "I had to stay at home and mind our baby, but I kin lick the stuffin' out o' you!"

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

MISS KATE SANTLEY, the burlesque actress, is so ill in Hastings, England, that her life is despaired of.

THE great wrestling match between H. M. Dufur and John McMahon for \$1,000 will come off in Boston March 10th.

MISS ELLA MURPHY lately of the variety stage, is now a Texan heiress, and has inherited an immense estate left by her father.

BILLY BARRY, the comedian, shot his thumb off with a pistol while playing in a sketch in Brooklyn last week. This bars William out from playing "thumbs up."

HENRY IRVING's clear profits from the "Merchant of Venice," at the London Lyceum, exceed £1,200 weekly. The 100th night was celebrated on the 4th of February.

LOTTA proposes, the coming season, to make a professional visit to London, where several very advantageous offers have been made to her by responsible managers.

GEORGE SLOSSOM, the American billiard player, is going to Paris to play Vignaux, the French champion, for a purse of \$300, under the rules of the Paris Challenge Cup.

It is reported that Pat Rooney recently made the following boast: "Meelf and Mary Anderson are the only legitimate stars that are making any money. I'm thinkin' of playin' Romeo to her Juliet shortly."

THERE came very near being a panic in a Chicago theatre a few nights ago. A man arose between the acts and said: "Come, Colonel, let's go out and take something," and half the male audience in the parquette got up and said they would.

LONDON papers state that the health of Miss Kate Stanley continues to be precarious, and it is doubtful whether this vivacious actress will return to the stage. Miss Rose Massey is also dangerously ill, and but slight hopes are entertained of her recovery.

HARRY HOWARD, a former pedestrian, was the victor in a Greco-Roman wrestling match with Lucian Marc in Cincinnati Feb. 13. He won the first fall in five minutes, and the second in three minutes. The amount at issue was \$200, and admittance was by invitation.

MISS GERALDINE MAYE, the charming little actress, who is best known by her quaint impersonation of Dorothy Druce in support of the late E. L. Davenport and F. C. Bangs, is shortly to be married, it is said, to Doctor Gustavus Winston, a well-known Boston gentleman.

ANNIE WARD TIFFANY, of Philadelphia, has severed her connection with Frank Frayne, for the reason, as she writes, that "there is no money in him." She will continue playing alone for the balance of the season in her old successes, "The Child Stealer," "Oliver Twist," etc.

A CALIFORNIA actress and singer, who has appeared in tight's notwithstanding that she has an artificial leg which cost \$3,500, is plaintiff in a suit wherein she sues her manager for breaking a contract with her because he thought she could not sing (with a wooden leg) in "Girofle-Girofla."

EASTERN parties are willing to back M. F. Davis, the light-weight sculler, of Portland, Me., against any sculler of his weight, or less than his weight, in the world, for \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side, over any fair course in America, for any distance from one to five miles, any time this season.

A "BOATMAN'S BALL" was given at Jersey City recently, and, in order that there should be no conflict of sports, a "fighting-room" was set apart for the use of those who cared to amuse themselves in that way. It is probable that fighting was held so cheap there was no demand for it.

LEONA DARE, who used to perform as a gymnast at Tony Pastor's Theatre, has been turning the heads of the young bloods in Germany. A prince and a count, officers of the Emperor's household, have been obliged to leave Berlin on account of Miss Dare, rather than incur the displeasure of the Crown Prince.

EMILE ZOLA says: "You may induce an actress to drape herself in rags, but if she has lost the first brilliancy of her beauty you will never induce her to dress as a working girl (petite ouvriere) if she knows that poor dress detracts from beauty. For her it is sometimes a question of life, for under the actress is the woman who often needs to be beautiful."

WHEN Ada Cavendish was playing in Cleveland her manager, Tom Macdonough, was caught at the door for a pass. "I'm a gymnast," said the would-be dead-head. "How will I know that?" said Tom. "By this," said the candidate, and he turned two hand-springs in the lobby of the theatre. "That'll do," responded the manager; "take the best orchestra seat you find vacant."

A WASHINGTON writer tells the following funny story: "A well-known manager was applauding a pretty actress in a New York theatre, when he suddenly discovered that it was one of his former wives, who had married some other man. He stopped applauding and began hissing, which proves the force of prejudice." The writer has evidently forgotten to name either the manager or theatre.

ON March 1st, in this city, William Johnson, of Rutland, Vt., and Charles Murphy are to wrestle collar and elbow, best two in three back falls, for \$250 a side. Matt Grace, the noted wrestler, who keeps a sporting house in Houston street, is Johnson's backer. The general impression is that Johnson is overmatched; Murphy is the favorite at 10 to 7. Johnson has just returned from Providence, and has gone into training.

JAMES B. HATHAWAY, who recently walked twenty-four hours without a rest, during which time he managed to cover no less than 101 miles, in St. Louis, Mo., is a shorthand correspondent for the Iron Mountain Railroad Company. He is looked upon there as an amateur; but it is right to inform him and his friends of the St. Louis Gymnasium that, having walked for money in the match alluded to, he is a professional.

JOHN ENNIS replies to a public statement emanating from Rudolph Goetz of Milwaukee, Wis., saying that he is ready to make a match with Goetz to skate a match of one hundred miles or more, as may be agreed upon, in this city, for from \$300 to \$500 a side; or he will join in a sweepstakes, open to all, every contestant to put up \$200 and the winner to take all. He doesn't want any private communications or arrangements, however.

MILE SARA BERNHARDT received from the Comedie Francaise an annual salary of \$12,400. M. Got received last year \$14,000. The Pall Mall Gazette says: "When M. Saint Real exclaims that a French Marshal only receives 30,000 francs a year and an archbishop only half that sum, we are reminded of Gabrielli's reply to Catherine the Great, who made a similar remark: 'Your majesty has only got to make your marshals sing.'"

MADAME ANDERSON has made known her intention of joining in the sweepstakes for the next contest for the belt now held by Miss Amy Howard, and she has deposited \$25 at the Clippie office—one-half of the required amount—to show that she means it. The madame would like to meet the holder and Mme. Tobias, or their representatives, at that office on Feb. 20, between 2 and 3 P. M., to confer in regard to the arrangements for the competition.

H. M. DUFUR was on Feb. 14 again worsted by G. W. Flagg in a collar-and-elbow exhibition wrestle at Manchester, N. H. Dufur won the first fall by an inside grapevine; Flagg second, by a right hip-lock, and third by a trip and twitch; Dufur fourth, by a back-heel lock. Flagg, after an exciting contest, won the fifth and last fall by a left hip-lock. John W. Phillip was umpire for Dufur, and D. Montgomery for Flagg. Dr. N. H. Clark was referee.

PAROLE is already the first favorite for the Lincolnshire handicap, which comes off March 17th. The race is for a thousand sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of twenty sovereigns each, half forfeit. There are eighty-four subscribers, so that the race will be well worth winning. The distance, one mile, is very favorable to Parole. As Mr. Lorillard has also entered Pappoose, Wallenstein and Sly Dance in the race he need not depend on Parole alone to win.

THE second bicycle contest for the professional championship of America came off on the evening of the 14th inst., at the American Institute. The race was a fifty-mile one and was between D. Stanton and Daniel Boland, the French champion. Stanton won by about twelve feet, making the distance in 3 hours, 2 minutes and 45½ seconds, the fastest in this country. The next competition was a five-mile handicap for amateurs and was won by Charles Noel in 18 minutes and 48½ seconds.

AN ice-boat has been one of the features of the season at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., and the Advocate solicits thus: "To travel a mile a minute is something to be proud of, and to tell to your grandchildren when you take them upon your knees to delight their innocent souls with the usual after-supper batch of lies about the wonderful experiences of your giddy youth. But suppose that you stop at the rate of a mile a minute! Ay, there's the rub. Why, you wouldn't have any grandchildren to lie to. What's the use of traveling a mile a minute at the risk of a black walnut ulcer and a season ticket to the cemetery?"

It is finally announced that Hanlon and Courtney will row at Washington May 20, and that Riley will take a shy at those wonderful beings. Soule has seen the President and consulted with many senators and representatives, all of whom expressed themselves delighted with the arrangements made, and promised to do all in their power to have the race come off. In the event of Congress adjourning before the date selected, an earlier one will be chosen, so that the great minds of the nation will certainly have an opportunity to witness the two great scullers engaging in a test of skill, providing there is no boat-cutting or other eccentricities of that sort.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association, held in this city recently, Major Henry Fulton offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, that a committee of three, of which Judge Gildersleeve should be chairman, be appointed to communicate with the Secretary of War, and request him to issue orders giving General Hancock, General Sheridan and General McDowell permission to organize military teams in their departments for the purpose of contesting in the International Military Match for the Hilton Trophy, at Creedmoor, in September next, and furnishing the necessary ammunition, transportation etc., for the teams.

THE Clippie says: All of our best known go-as-you-pleasers who have no engagement on hand, and probably no well-defined plans for the future, seem to fight shy of the proposal, backed by money, made by an unknown through our columns three weeks ago. The substance of said proposition was that a new six-days' tournament to be inaugurated, each contestant to put up \$1,000, and the minimum distance limit to be 500 miles, the winner to take the full amount of the sweepstakes, and no more than four men in any case share in a division of the receipts. Perhaps when we say that the unknown is not a foreigner, and has never yet covered 500 miles in six days, his proposition may find more favor.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 12.—Charles Tyler, a variety actor, well known all over the West, and especially in St. Louis, died here this evening. He formerly lived in Indianapolis, where his family reside. He was playing an engagement as low comedian in one of the variety theatres, and he was considered quite a clever actor, although his reputation and ability were injured by his habit of drinking to excess. He had been intoxicated for four or five days previous to his death, the debauchery producing an illness for which he was being treated. He was not thought to be dangerously ill, and he died so suddenly and easily that his friends were scarcely aware of his demise. His remains will be shipped to St. Louis.

An admirable programme has been arranged by the Jockey Club for the June race meeting. In general and details it is incomparably the most attractive, to both turfmen and patrons of turf sports, ever offered in the Mississippi valley, and in all probability from June 8th to the 14th, inclusive, St. Louis will contain more valuable horses than ever before, and its hotels and business houses will realize a proportionate benefit from the immense crowds that will assemble to attend the racing carnival. Nineteen races are on the bills and \$8,700 is hung up for distribution among the winners. Five stakes and nineteen purses are offered, the whole presenting rare opportunities for owners of racing stables, and providing unrivalled prospects for bringing together larger and better fields of horses than have ever contended for the laurels of the turf on any course in this country.—Globe Democrat.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 17.—Paola-Marie, the pert and vivacious prima-donna of the Grand French Opera Troupe, has a pet monkey that she carries with her from town to town. She thinks the world of the ugly little creature of a man, as may be inferred from the fact that she has his ears adorned with valuable diamond ear-rings, her property. Paola-Marie and the monkey yesterday occupied the same room at the Gibson House, much to the discomfort of Jules Kamp, one of the clerks of the hotel, and he called on her to notify her that the rules of the house did not permit the keeping of any such animal in its rooms. Paola stormed in the choicest Parisian French, and vowed by all the gods on High Olympus, or words in that vicinity, that her pet should not be separated from her and left to the unkind care of any unsympathetic porter. Jules was positive, the lady was inflexible—the monkey savage. From words it looked as though were about to come to blows—that is, the lady and the monkey were about to begin hostilities, when Jules, thinking discretion the better part of valor, fled the room, leaving the monkey and the prima-donna master and mistress of the scene.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM

Boysish Banditti Beginning to Infest the Streets of the City in Great Numbers.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY ON A SMALL SCALE.

Children of Crime Who Steal Systematically and According to a Blood-Curdling Compact.

GANGS OF GIRLS WHO ROB ON SALARY

BY PAUL PROWLER.

A close observance of the times as mirrored in the doings of the police and other courts has convinced me that the small boy, our street gamist, our New York "kid," who is unlike any other adolescent specimen of humanity under the sun, is rather distinguishing himself.

He has always been hard to manage, has been the terror and annoyance of the police, but of late he has taken a spurt and surrounded himself with the romance of positive wickedness to such a degree that grey-headed philanthropy wipes its gold rimmed glasses and says "Bless my soul," while justice finds her ante-rooms assuming the character of a reformatory nursery.

Last week, two boys, whose united ages make the sum of nineteen years, overtook a little girl in Division street, as she was on her way to make some purchases at the store where her mother dealt. The subsequent legal investigations revealed the fact that these budding foot-pads had become acquainted in some way with the proposed *sottie* to the store, and arranged their plans accordingly.

While one held the little girl the other forced her to give up the thirty-two cents which constituted the booty. Then the highwayboys fled. But they did not long enjoy their ill gotten gains. The police were put upon their track, and with nine cents still in their possession the lads were apprehended in Pike street rioting with a mince pie.

In conversation with a court officer, while the goose of these marauders was being properly cooked in the cuisine of justice, I learned that there has been a perfect epidemic of boysish misdeeds lately, and that the petty calendars are crowded with juvenile names. This set me to thinking and investigating, and the result has been that I am firmly convinced there exist in New York city to-day regularly organized "gangs," not of "hoodlums," or the half-grown ruffians who are the chief element of excitement in summer Sunday excursions, but of positive babes, of children who are popularly supposed to be at school, or at home, when on the contrary they are becoming "Artful Dodgers," and "Charley Bateses" as fast as a southern nigger's mule eats oats when he gets a chance.

Cases like that of Pomeroy, the Boston boy with the white eye, I do not include in the consideration of the subject I have chosen for this paper. Such a phenomenon belongs to the realms of psychology and medical investigation. Pomeroy's purpose was merely to inflict torture upon lads smaller than himself, but the objective point of the New York street wail is plunder.

The most astonishing thing about it all is the organism displayed. In their rules and regulations, their blood-curdling oaths, and direful vows of vengeance, we see the nucleus of the structure of the savage barbarism which finally overthrew the resplendent civilization of Rome, and which cheerfully upholds me in my theory that all boys are without any moral sense whatever, and are possessed of a positive tendency to the merciless nature of the Fiji Islanders.

Why, there is a six-year-old youngster in our house whose mother thinks is so much of an angel that she has to anchor him to the earth with hob-nailed shoes. Said shoes are capable of making a most tremendous noise, but nothing to the din the angel extracts from the celestial pastime of hammering the back fence with a club—(introduced to show natural desire for hideous din.)

The poor cat, which has been forced to assume the character of tiger, or bear, or lion, just according to the fancy which dominates the angel when he invites two boys next door to a grand hunt, agrees with me that a Ute Indian is a much better individual than the angel in all respects. If a Ute Indian could only carry out the mother's idea, and make our angel an angel in all truth, I am positive that I would be very much obliged to him and I think I can speak for the cat.

This may seem a digression, but it is not. It is merely an example I have used to throw light upon my statement that all boys are inclined to be bad. I do not exclude myself. I remember, very distinctly, that it was with great reluctance my family persuaded me from being a gambler, one of those high-toned fellows with black moustaches, "shiny" silk hats, and a flood of diamond glory for shirt-front, who don't get up until 3 p.m., and who always smell of the barber-shop. If I am not much mistaken, an inability to manage the deep black moustache had as much to do with my abstention from this particular vocation of sin as all the moral suasion and theological argument brought to bear upon me.

Pernicious literature is a great deal to blame for this sudden eruption of criminals, and for their having any idea of cohesiveness. We all remember the gentleman who was fired upon twice in Mott Haven by a would-be murderer but sixteen years old. It was about a year and a half ago, and the boy is in jail still I believe. I saw him in the Tombs, and was struck then with the hardness of feature, the lack of remorse, and the positive glorification in the dastardly deed which characterized him. He confessed that he got his first gory ideas from one of the boys' papers, and that he had no difficulty in surrounding himself with followers once he had mapped out the roseate life of crime they were to lead, and had drawn up brass-bound rules and regulations that should ensure method in their work.

He had attempted the murder because he wanted money to transport his school-boy guerrillas to the boundless plains of the west, for it was there the blood-stained heroes of his beloved romances had flourished, and, in a great many instances died with their boots on; a commendable idea in case it should so happen that Charon's bateau were out of order, and a fellow had to get out and wade.

This gang had a cave rendezvous most ingeniously and comfortably arranged. There they all ate roast potatoes and such other food as pirates, road-agents, highwaymen, "moonshiners," and the like more or less desirable mem-

bers of society get their fighting courage up on, and there the captain, who had renounced a good home, and sisters, cousins and aunts, beyond reproach, slept and abided continually.

That was an isolated case. I had no idea then of the existence of coteries of young thieves who ply their trade with consummate daring, and in every way give an imitation in little of those desperate burglars and sectional gangs of outlaws ready for any crime with which New York is infested.

But these youthful coteries do exist in great numbers. I have investigated the subject, and know of all I write. The frequency of the appearance of their members in court has already attracted the attention of our magistrates, while the students of political economy find themselves confronted with a new problem. Those who occupy the positions of leaders are naturally bad and have generally had some experience in the House of Refuge, the Catholic Protector, and like institutions. They use argument in a boy's way, and so bring over to their banner the nice little lads who had advanced no further in a wild and irregular life than is implied in sleeping away from home on top of newspaper boilers. This, it must be understood, when it can be indulged in, is considered a very nobby thing in the line of dissipation.

The dens of these human rats are difficult to find. In the summer time there are any quantity of hiding places arranged under the wharves where stolen articles can be secreted. These somewhat Venetian chambers are also used as places of refuge from the police who interfere with their swimming business. But in weather like this it is generally the loft of a stable, or the cellar of some near tenement, that is selected as a club-room. Right in the Five Points I came across a colony who had burrowed in the side of a cellar excavation, and were philosophically taking all chances of the pavement on which people were constantly walking, caving in on them. They had a fire and had made the place habitable by carpeting it, and putting up planks against the damp earth. I was taken there by a bootblack who occupied the position of courier between the camp and the outside world. The three or four freckled, bold boys I saw were smoking clay pipes and playing cards. In the innocence of my heart I attempted to buy them, and asked the boy with the most freckles and the vilest pipe why, since civilization had been given up apparently, they didn't go out and fight the Indians.

There was a general laugh at this, and then I learned by continuing the conversation, that although they had no desire personally to abandon New York for such vicissitudes of the ensanguined plain as must necessarily attach to getting away with the Utes, the Putes, Mince-Putes, and all the rest of them, they were constantly on the lookout for the rural youth who, in squads of two or three, were almost daily appearing at our ferries, armed with Mexican horse-pistols and about two dollars stolen money each, and en route for whatever place it is in the west where they kill Indians.

These lads become the prey of the city gangs. They (the New Yorkers) either rob them in an easy, confidence way, or they fall upon them in true buccaneer style, and leave them with two black eyes they didn't possess, and minus certain property they did. Perhaps it is to this wise warning of the gamins that the Indians owe the delay in their extermination!

The markets are great stamping grounds for the boy-thieves. They will take anything, and are so quick and adroit that if they fail to escape detection they are tolerably sure to avoid arrest.

It would be impossible to catalogue the various ingenious ways in which they pilfer. They steal clothing from the lines upon which it is strung out to dry; they levy upon the sample display of grocers' and other green vendors; they pilfer from the market basket of the staggering red-faced boarding-house mistress as she laboriously plods to her home; they filch parcels from the coupes and carriages of shopping ladies; they are here, there and everywhere, ubiquitous, animated not so much by the copy-book aphorism that "Honesty is the best policy," as the more serious declaration that the "Lord helps those who help themselves."

One enterprising youth, but twelve years old, had made for himself an American District Telegraph suit, or rather he retained one that he had had while in the employ of the company. His plan of operation was to go into a store, or broker's office, and ask them if they had not rung the bell for a messenger. Then on his way out he would trust to chance opportunities for picking up little odds and ends, and in not a few instances he would be entrusted with a parcel by some one in the establishment who thought the boy might as well be utilized while he was there. The career of this lad was short-lived.

Another instance which I observed in my study of the situation shows how desperate the little villains are and how they are willing to run all sorts of romantic risks after the manner of Claude Duval, and "Sixteen-String Jack."

A good little office boy was sent to the post-office for about twenty dollars worth of stamps. Three of our infantile footpads encountered him on his return going through Exchange court, and without more ado they went through him to the extent of the stamps. It is not generally known, but there is a man in a cellar in Nassau street who deals in postage stamps, only American ones, buying them at a discount as a "fence" takes "swag." He asks no questions. The people who bring stamps to him are generally boys and young clerks. In a vast establishment where the daily correspondence is immense the loss of five or even ten dollars worth of stamps in a few days is scarcely felt, and if the thief sticks to the business industriously the ultimate amount of the embezzlement, at the time of detection say, is sure to be large. Our young friends constantly keep applying for positions as they are advertised, each band being sure to possess some lad of innocent face and quick intelligence who would be apt to strike the fancy of the firm in question. Both his salary and his stealings are supposed to be turned into the common purse.

So far this suddenly discovered and growing evil has been confined to such conservative lines as petit larceny and pickpocket highway robbery. The babies have not yet undertaken to murder people as they have in Paris, where the institution of boysish banditti has long flourished. It was only a few weeks ago that the government tried some eight or ten children, the ringleader of whom was but fourteen years old, for murdering a woman who kept a baker-shop in one of the Parisian suburbs. Only two did the killing, but the police apprehended the whole party. Their constitution and by-laws were something terrible. The document had been written in a swaggering way and by some one who was fond of gore. Death was the penalty for everything in the fault line. The whole trial was intensely sensational and developed the fact that the first thought of the club was engendered by reading some of the criminal stories written by authors like Montepin and Gaboriau.

Very frequently an adult brain guides the operations of the young rascals. I am speaking now of New York, and I base my remarks on what Libby O'Brien, the young queen of sneak thieves, told me herself in the Mulberry Street Station-House one morning I chanced to drop in. She said that a certain woman, who had served the state

on several occasions, first instructed her in the art of flitting through buildings, as the bee does from rose to rose, but with less honeyed intentions.

There were five or six other girls in this hag's employ. She paid them so much a week, and took possession of all the goods. Libby, however, possesses an enterprising mind of her own, and when she got to understand the rudiments of her calling, she saw no reason why she should not strike out for herself, and she did with the most lucrative results.

It was she, also, who told me that nearly all the little apple and orange girls who make daily rounds of downtown offices were thieves. The girls have their places of meeting as well as the boys, are quite as adroit in their speculations, and as wicked every way. I write out Miss O'Brien's statement to show that both sexes are represented in this army of "infantry" that is marching so steadily to the jails as a more or less permanent place of residence.

The picture that I have drawn is not a cheerful one. It makes one shudder to think that such things are possible in a city like New York, whose educational and reforming facilities are so ample. That it will be looked into by philanthropists who make such matters a study, I have no doubt.

If we had more Shepherds like Mr. Cowley, to whose care all such children might be relegated, there would be no need for the exercise of either philanthropy or legislation. The problem would solve itself.

How?

The dear, good man would starve them to death.

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